Echoes of Awareness

Series – 4

Meditative Awareness: The way of Living

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

Introduction

Human life is woven from the movement of thought. Thought builds cities, schools, and systems; it also builds the divisions that limit our hearts. It creates the image of the "self" — a centre that clings, fears, compares, and constantly seeks continuation. But life is far larger than the narrow boundaries created by thought. When one begins to question this movement deeply, the fragrance of a different order begins to permeate awareness.

This fourth volume of *Echoes of Awareness* continues the journey of looking inward, not to cultivate belief or authority, but to understand the workings of the mind as it actually is. In these pages, we explore the subtle creation of the "me," the fragmentation it breeds, and the conflict that naturally springs from such fragmentation. We speak of the quiet flame of awareness that exposes this whole movement effortlessly — not through discipline, suppression, or practice, but through direct perception.

The chapters touch on many central themes:

- the poisoning effect of thought when it moves beyond its practical field,
- the self as mere residue — only ash revived by memory,
- the tiny fiction of identity claiming the vast cosmos,
- the purification of function when unburdened by the self,
- the flame of choiceless awareness,

- living in the present without resistance or psychological conflict,
- relationship without image,
- the wasting of life's energy in comparison and ambition.

Each theme is approached as a quiet inquiry. The dialogues invite the reader not to accept but to observe; not to follow but to question. The poetic interludes bring the same truths through the door of beauty. Together, they point to the possibility of a life in which thought remains in its rightful place, and the mind stands still, without the noise of becoming.

Awareness is not personal; it is not "mine" or "yours." When the centre of the self subsides, awareness flowers naturally — silent, spacious, whole. In such seeing, there is neither the observer nor the observed; there is only life in its indivisible movement. It is here that true compassion is born, not from effort, but from the ending of fear and separation.

This book is not meant to be understood through analysis alone. It asks only that you watch — the stir of thought, the rising of feeling, the subtle formation of images. In the very watching lies transformation. Nothing needs to be achieved; the seeing itself is the ending.

Let these reflections serve as a mirror in which the mind sees its own movement. In that clear seeing, the illusion loses its grip, and the self — built from time — quietly dissolves. What remains is a wholeness that cannot be named, yet is the very foundation of life.

In the final movement of this volume, the inquiry naturally widens. There, it points beyond the psychological to the

immeasurable – to the recognition that the awareness within us is not separate from the vast order that governs the stars. In that meeting, the flame of compassion and the rhythm of the cosmos are not two.

May this volume accompany you gently into that stillness where awareness is, and where the sacredness of existence reveals itself.

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The Poison of Thought

Human thought, born of memory and experience, has built the world of civilization — its science, art, and technology. But it has also divided man from man, and man from nature. The same instrument that invents the microscope and the temple also creates the bomb and the border.

Thought is mechanical, limited, conditioned by the past. Whatever it touches, it shapes according to its own image. It seeks security through power, through belief, through possessions; and in that very search, it breeds conflict and fear.

The danger of thought is not in its use where it belongs — in daily utility, in learning, in communication — but in its usurpation of the field of life. When thought becomes the ruler of relationship, of love, of action, it poisons the roots of human existence. Then there is jealousy called love, competition called progress, killing called patriotism.

The cosmos, in its vast intelligence, moves in order — stars are born and die in harmony, the seed becomes the tree, the wave dissolves into the sea. Only man, lost in his thought, lives in disorder.

So thought, when it tries to organize life, becomes the most dangerous poison — subtle, respectable, glorified — because it separates and corrupts the wholeness of being.

The ending of this poison is not through suppression or control of thought. Control is still the movement of thought. The ending comes through seeing — seeing that thought, being limited, can never bring about total harmony. When this is seen clearly, not as an idea but as a fact, thought naturally falls silent.

That silence is not the opposite of thought; it is the awakening of intelligence — an intelligence that is not of time, not born of knowledge. In that silence, there is no poison, no division, no centre.

Poem

Thought built the city
and the prison.
It carved the god
and the gun.

It says, I will bring peace,
and sows war.
It says, I will find truth,
and makes temples of illusion.

The cosmos breathes in order,
yet man, lost in his own echo,
spreads confusion like smoke.

When thought sees its own limit,
it bows,
and in that humility
a new fragrance begins —
the perfume of silence,
untouched by poison.

***

Question: Sir, you have often said that thought is limited, even dangerous. But thought seems essential — it has built our world, advanced science, made communication possible. Why then do you call thought a poison?

Answer: Sir, thought is essential — in the field where it belongs. You need thought to build a house, to speak a

language, to operate a machine. But when thought enters the field of relationship, of love, of understanding life, it becomes destructive.

Thought is the response of memory, of knowledge stored in the brain. Therefore, it is always old, never new. Whatever it touches, it colours with the past. When you say, I love you, and thought is there, that love is already burdened with image, possession, comparison, fear.

Question: But can we live without thought, sir? Without it, wouldn't life be chaotic?

Answer: No, sir. It is thought that has created the chaos. Thought divides: my country, your country; my belief, your belief; my ambition, your success.
Look at what this division has done — wars, competition, endless sorrow. The cosmos moves in order — the seasons follow, stars are born and die in harmony. Only the human mind, governed by thought, lives in disorder.

Thought is mechanical, and whatever is mechanical can never touch the living. Yet man, through thought, tries to control, to organize, to improve upon life. That interference is the poison — subtle, respectable, glorified — yet deadly to love and peace.

Question: But surely thought can be used rightly — for good instead of evil?

Answer: When thought tries to be good, it is still acting from its own limitation. The opposite of evil is born of evil. The "good" created by thought is still within the same field of time, the same self-centred movement. So, sir, thought cannot purify itself.

The ending of its poison is not through resistance, not by saying, I must not think. That again is thought's trick. It ends

only when you see the whole movement of thought — its beginning, its motive, its futility in matters of the spirit.
That seeing is not of thought; it is insight.

When the mind sees completely, thought falls silent. In that silence there is order — the order that exists in the cosmos itself. Then life is no longer separate from the whole; it moves with the vast intelligence of creation.

"Thought has its place — in the field of the known.
But when the known invades the unknown, there is corruption.
In the ending of that invasion lies the beginning of innocence."

"Thought is the past seeking continuity; in that pursuit lies the root of disorder."?

***

Where Thought Is, disorder begins: The Order of the Cosmos and the Disorder of Thought

The cosmos moves in perfect order.
The planets do not collide; the seasons come and go in their rhythm; birth and decay follow one another without confusion. There is harmony even in destruction — the dying star gives birth to new worlds. Everything in the universe is interdependent: the cloud feeds the forest, the forest gives breath to the air, and life renews itself endlessly.

This vast order functions without a controller, without a centre directing it. There is intelligence in the very movement of existence — an intelligence not born of thought, not the product of time or experience. It is an order that is spontaneous, creative, whole.

But in man, this order has broken down. Why?
Because thought has taken the place of intelligence.

Thought is fragmentary; it divides and measures, saying, "This is mine, this is yours; this is success, that is failure." It isolates man from the totality to which he belongs. In that separation begins conflict, competition, ambition, greed — the endless disorder that we call civilization.

Where thought is, there is division. Where division is, there can be no order.

Thought, being limited, cannot comprehend the vastness of life; yet it pretends to organize, to control, to improve upon nature. It builds its own systems — economic, religious, political — and each system breeds contradiction. So, man, in his cleverness, lives in perpetual chaos, while the universe around him moves in silent harmony.

To perceive this is not to condemn thought — it has its place in the field of technology, language, communication — but to see its limitation. When the mind sees the boundary of thought and does not go beyond it through effort or belief, it becomes quiet. In that quietness, there is again harmony — the human mind flowing with the order of the cosmos, not against it.

Poem

The stars do not argue
nor seek to become brighter.
The river does not plan its course;
it simply flows.

The leaf falls,
and in its falling
nourishes the root.

All is order —
a vast, unbroken rhythm —
except where man's thought enters
to measure, to possess, to control.

Where thought is,
there is division;
where division is,
there is sorrow.

When the mind becomes still,
not by will but by seeing,
it joins again
the dance of the cosmos —
silent, whole,
and perfectly ordered.

***

The mind lives in the field of illusion.
Everything it creates — ideas, beliefs, images, systems of success and failure — is born of thought. Thought itself is the product of memory, and memory is the residue of experience, which is the past. So whatever thought touches is old; it can never touch what is living, new, or whole.

When you say, "I am happy," that happiness is usually the continuation of pleasure — the result of thought naming and clinging to a pleasant experience. But thought that builds happiness also breeds sorrow, for the two are inseparable. Where there is attachment to pleasure, there is fear of its loss; and in that fear, sorrow begins. To seek happiness in illusion is to prepare the ground for its opposite.

Look around you — success measured in money, power, fame, status. Society calls this progress, but it is the refinement of illusion. The image of "being somebody" is projected by a mind that feels empty inside and tries to fill

that emptiness with recognition. The more it seeks, the emptier it becomes. It may wear fine clothes, drive expensive cars, hold titles — but behind all that glitter lies anxiety, comparison, and loneliness.

Some say, "You call it illusion because you failed in the material world." But success or failure are both within the same field of illusion. The man who climbs to the top and the man who falls are both caught in the same movement of becoming. Seeing the falseness of that entire movement is not failure — it is intelligence.

When you see that everything born of thought is limited, and that the thinker himself is thought, then observation changes. There is no observer who looks — there is only looking. That pure perception, free of motive, comparison, or conclusion, is the ending of illusion.

In that stillness of seeing, truth is not something attained;
it is what remains when the false ends.

Poem

All that the mind builds
is born of its own dust —
its gods, its heavens,
its philosophies and fears.

It paints a sky of dreams
and calls it truth,
but the paint is thought,
and thought is time.

Pleasure rises
and calls itself happiness;
sorrow follows,
its shadow and twin.

The one who seeks joy in illusion
must meet despair in the same mirror.

Money, name, power —
gold leaves in a burning forest.
The self grows large
only to collapse beneath its own weight.

And yet the crowd applauds —
"Be more! Become something!"
while the quiet mind whispers,
"See what is, without the seer."

When the observer dissolves,
the mirage fades.
There is no success, no failure —
only the wind moving
through the open field of awareness.

In that stillness
where thought has no root,
truth flowers —
unasked, untouched, unmeasured.

***

Question: Sir, you often say that everything of the mind is illusion. But thought is necessary, isn't it? Without thought, how can one live, work, or relate to others?

Answer: Of course, thought has its place — to build a bridge, to perform surgery, to write a letter. In the field of knowledge, thought is essential. But we have extended its use into the realm where it does not belong — the psychological realm, the world of becoming, of status, of inner security. There, thought creates illusion.

The mind invents ideas of success, happiness, and progress — but these are merely projections of desire and fear. When you find pleasure in such illusions, you must also be ready for sorrow, for the two go together. The pleasure of recognition carries within it the pain of loss. To seek happiness in illusion is to make sorrow inevitable.

Question: But society measures everything — success, respect — by wealth, position, achievement. If one rejects that, people say it's because he has failed materially. Isn't that a fair criticism?

Answer: That is the argument of those who are trapped in the same illusion. They say, "You despise wealth because you do not have it." But see the falseness of such logic. Whether you have millions or nothing, both the rich and the poor are caught in the same movement of desire and fear — one fearing loss, the other craving gain. Success and failure are two ends of the same rope, and both bind the mind.

To see this whole structure — not merely one part of it — is intelligence. Intelligence is not the denial of matter, but freedom from dependence upon it for one's psychological security.

Question: Then what is one to do? If thought itself breeds illusion, how can one be free?

Answer: You cannot do anything in the usual sense. Any action born of the same mind will only perpetuate illusion. What matters is observation — to see the operation of thought as it arises, without condemning it, without identifying with it. When there is pure observation, without the observer, thought reveals its own limitation and falls silent.

Out of that silence comes a different order altogether — not created by will or effort, but born of understanding. In that

stillness, the false ends, and what is true shines by itself — not as an idea, not as a reward, but as the simple, unmeasured reality of being.

***

When thought comes to an end, not through suppression or control but by seeing its limitation, a different dimension of being opens. Thought divides — it names, compares, separates the observer from the observed, the "I" from the "you," the inner from the outer. It cuts life into fragments and then seeks unity through ideas, beliefs, or systems — all of which are still products of division.

But when the mind sees the total movement of thought — its origin in memory, its continuity in time, its inevitable conflict — and becomes completely quiet, there is awareness without a centre. That awareness is not yours or mine; it is not individual, not limited. In that state, existence is whole — undivided, immeasurable, complete in itself.

Here, there is no experiencer who says, "I am aware." Awareness simply is. It has no boundary, no subject, no object. The leaf, the star, the movement of the sea, and the beating of the heart — all are part of one unbroken flow of life. The observer, who once stood apart to measure and name, has dissolved into the vastness of being.

This is not a mystical state to be sought; it is the natural state when the noise of becoming has ended. In thought-free awareness, there is no past or future, no achievement or loss — only the living present in its wholeness. It is total, complete, sacred.

Poem

When thought falls silent,
not by effort,
but like dust settling

after a long storm,
a strange clarity dawns —
not of the mind,
but beyond it.

The walls of “I” and “you”
dissolve like mist in sunlight.
The river and the watcher
are one flowing movement;
the seer and the seen
are a single breath of existence.

In that silence
there is no boundary,
no centre saying “I am aware.”
Awareness simply is —
like space containing all things,
yet untouched by what it holds.

The bird’s song,
the rustle of leaves,
the beating of one’s own heart —
not separate, not divided,
but one vast pulse of life.

Here, the individual ceases
and the whole is.
It has no name,
no beginning, no end.
It is life seeing itself —
limitless, timeless, complete.

***

Thought has its necessary place — in communication, in work, in daily living — but it cannot touch the depth of existence. Thought is born of memory; it is the echo of the known. Whatever it creates, however noble or subtle, remains within the circle of time. Therefore, a life governed

by thought is a life confined — always fragmentary, never whole.

We seek the infinite through the finite instrument of thought, and so we remain caught in contradiction. The mind, restless and fearful, divides life into the observer and the observed, the self and the other, the sacred and the profane. This very division is the root of conflict. We try to find unity through ideas, but ideas are born of division.

When the mind perceives this fact — not as a conclusion, but as a direct seeing — thought naturally comes to rest. Not through discipline, not through will, but through understanding. Then there is awareness without a centre, perception without the perceiver.

In that state, existence is whole — not as a theory, but as a living reality. There is no separation between the observer and life. The trees, the mountains, the stars, and the beating heart are all part of the same unbroken movement of creation.

This is not something to be achieved; the very attempt to achieve is born of thought and therefore limited. When thought realizes its own boundary and becomes quiet, awareness flowers. In that flowering, the mind is still — and in that stillness, the whole of life is present, undivided, sacred.

*****

Self Is Only Ash

Self-image, memories, psychological knowledge, experiences — all of these are the residue of the past. They are like ashes, dead matter, unless the spark of thought touches them. Thought, in its restless movement, revives what has ended and gives it a false continuity. In this way the "self," built out of memory and knowledge, seems to be alive, though in truth it is nothing more than the dead past projecting itself into the present.

The problem is not how to destroy the self, nor how to discipline or control thought. Such attempts only give strength to what they oppose. The real task is to see the nature of the whole process — to watch how thought creates the image, how the image is stored as memory, and how memory becomes the centre called the "I." But this "I" is never living. It is always the shadow of yesterday, never the actuality of now.

What matters is not to encourage this endless movement of thought, but to observe it as it begins — without choice, without judgment, without resistance. For the beginning of thought is also the beginning of the self. To see the beginning is to see the whole movement, and in such perception the self ends naturally, without effort, without conflict.

This choiceless awareness is not born of memory. It is not the product of time, nor the projection of thought. It is whole in itself, unconditioned, needing no past, no known, no future to sustain it. Awareness is like a flame that burns away the illusion of the self the very instant it appears.

In that ending, there is a silence untouched by memory, a state beyond projection and image — pure awareness, complete in itself, without centre and without shadow. In that

silence there is wholeness, and in that wholeness, there is the beauty of truth.

Poem

Self-image, memories, knowledge,
all are of the past.
They are ashes,
dead matter,
until thought strikes them,
and the spark gives them a false life.

Thus the “self” appears—
a shadow revived,
a projection of yesterday
pretending to live in today.

The problem is not to destroy the self,
not to discipline or suppress thought.
What matters is to see
the whole movement:
thought creating the image,
the image stored as memory,
memory becoming the centre we call “I.”

But the “I” is never alive—
it is only the echo of what has been.

So, watch thought as it begins,
quietly, choicelessly.
For the birth of thought
is the birth of the self.
To see the beginning
is to see the whole.

In that seeing,
the self ends naturally—
without struggle, without conflict.

Awareness is not of time,
not born of memory.
It is whole, unconditioned,
like a flame
that consumes the illusion
the very moment it arises.

In that dissolution
there is silence,
untouched by the past.
Pure awareness remains—
complete in itself,
without centre,
without shadow.

***

The self is not living, sacred, or eternal. It is only the residue of experience, memory, knowledge, and psychological impressions stored in the brain. It is like matter kept in storage — dormant, lifeless — until thought touches it.

Thought is the cursor that revives this residue. By recalling, naming, comparing, and projecting, thought makes the past appear alive again. Thus, the self — which is only a collection of memories and images — seems to have continuity, but in truth it is only the dead past moving in the present.

This self is not divine; it is not the essence of life. It is mechanical, material, conditioned, like a stored chemical that is stirred into activity. To mistake it for something holy is the very root of illusion. In reality, the self is nothing more than the waste and residue of yesterday — a kind of psychological garbage that binds the mind to conflict and sorrow.

To see this fact is already the beginning of freedom. When there is clear, choiceless awareness of the self as it arises, the illusion loses its grip. The mind does not need to condemn it

or escape from it; in the very seeing, the false ends. Then what remains is awareness that is untouched by memory, whole, and alive.

In that awareness there is no self to revive, no shadow to protect. There is only life in its purity — silent, complete, sacred.

Poem

The self is not sacred,
not eternal,
not divine.

It is only residue—
memories, knowledge,
impressions of yesterday,
stored in the brain.

Like matter lying dormant,
it is dead
until thought, the cursor,
touches it,
revives it,
and gives it the illusion of life.

The self is a bundle of images,
a shadow of the past
projected into the present.
It is mechanical,
material,
a stored chemical stirred awake.

To call it holy is illusion.
In truth,
the self is nothing more
than waste,
psychological garbage

that binds the mind
to conflict and sorrow.

But to see this clearly,
without judgment,
without escape,
is already freedom.

In the light of awareness
the false ends,
the self dissolves,
and what remains
is silence,
wholeness,
life untouched by memory—
pure,
complete,
sacred.

***

To live on the self is to live on what is dead.
The self is nothing but the residue of memory, the accumulation of experience, the storehouse of psychological knowledge. It is the past, carried over into the present. When thought touches this residue, it revives it and gives it the appearance of life. But it is only the dead masquerading as the living.

To live from that centre is to live in sickness. The mind caught in the self is burdened by comparison, ambition, fear, and sorrow. It clings to images of itself, to possessions, to beliefs, to relationships, and in doing so it perpetuates conflict. This is the sickness of humanity — endlessly repeating yesterday, mistaking memory for life.

Health is not in strengthening the self, not in refining it or decorating it, but in seeing its true nature. To observe the self

— its memories, its images, its projections — without choice, without judgment, is to see that it is dead. And in that very seeing, the illusion dissolves.

To live without the burden of the self is to live in freshness, in wholeness. Such living is not weighed down by the past nor driven by the future. It is life in the present — simple, silent, whole. In this lies true health, and in this there is the flowering of love and compassion.

Poem

The self is the past—
a residue of memory,
a bundle of experiences,
the storehouse of knowledge.
It is dead matter
revived by thought,
and thought gives to it
the appearance of life.

To live from that centre
is to live in sickness.
The self clings to images,
to possessions,
to beliefs,
to relationships.
It moves in comparison,
in ambition,
in fear,
and in sorrow.
This is the sickness of man—
yesterday endlessly repeated,
memory mistaken for life.

Health is not in strengthening the self,
not in refining or adorning it,
but in seeing what it is.

To observe without choice,
without judgment,
is to see the self as dead.
In that very seeing,
illusion ends.

To live without the burden of self
is to live freshly,
in wholeness.
No weight of the past,
no projection of the future—
only life in its simplicity,
silent,
whole.

And in that wholeness
there flowers love,
compassion,
and a beauty
untouched by thought.

To live on memory is to live in death.
The self is the past; the past is dead.
What is dead cannot bring life.
Freedom begins when the burden of self ends.
Only in dying to the past is there living.

***

The brain may be compared to a computer processor. The processor works by taking in inputs, running them through circuits, and producing outputs. Its value lies in efficiency, logic, and speed. It can solve equations, sort vast amounts of data, and follow instructions perfectly.

Similarly, thought is the brain's processor. It receives sensory input, consults stored memory, and produces a response. It is

excellent for practical matters: building bridges, performing surgery, designing technology. Like the processor, it works on the basis of stored instructions—programming accumulated through conditioning, culture, and experience.

But imagine a processor being asked to feel love, or to perceive beauty. No matter how fast or complex, its circuits can only simulate, never truly live those states. In the same way, thought cannot touch compassion, silence, or the sacred. When it attempts to, it only projects its own images and symbols: ideals, doctrines, gods. These projections are still mechanical.

Thus, thought is immensely useful in the functional field but becomes destructive in the psychological field. Just as you would not ask your computer to feel sorrow or joy, you cannot ask thought to reveal truth. It will only give back its programming.

When one sees this, thought naturally finds its right place. Beyond its limits, another dimension opens—the awareness that is not manufactured, not programmed, not the result of any memory. That awareness alone is whole.

Poem

The brain, like a processor,
receives, calculates, and returns—
quick, precise, efficient,
born of circuits and memory.

It builds bridges, heals wounds,
sends man to the stars,
yet it runs only on what was stored,
on the program of yesterday.

Ask it to love,
to touch silence, to see beauty—

it can only project images,
symbols of its own making.

Thought is a tool,
brilliant in function,
poison in the heart of the self.

When it finds its rightful place,
another dimension opens—
not manufactured, not programmed,
a stillness without boundary,
where awareness flowers whole.

Thought is a processor:
brilliant in calculation,
blind in love.
When it stays in its field, there is order;
when it moves beyond, there is sorrow."

Thought is a mechanism of memory,
useful in function,
dangerous in the realm of the self.
To see its limit is the beginning of freedom."

Thought is a clever machine,
a weaver of bridges and tools.
But when it seeks to weave love or truth,
it entangles itself in sorrow."

Thought serves in function;
it fails in truth."

Thought is useful in function, but useless in truth.

Thought can build machines, but never touch love.

In its own field thought is order; beyond it, disorder.

Thought ends where awareness begins.

***

To be aware of the self is not to glorify it, not to decorate it, not to make it more virtuous or more powerful. Self-awareness is to see what the self actually is and how it comes into being.

The self is built out of memory. Each experience, each pleasure and pain, each insult and flattery, each success and failure leaves its mark. These marks become knowledge, and thought revives them as images — "I was, I am, I will be." Thus, the self is formed: a centre of continuity carried by thought.

Thought gives to this centre a sense of solidity. But in truth, the self is only the past, the dead residue of what has been. It has no life of its own except when thought stirs it, touches it, and makes it appear alive. That which is mechanical and repeated can never be living.

To be aware of this fact — not as an idea, not as a theory, but to see it directly — is the beginning of freedom. Such awareness is not judgment, not condemnation, not the attempt to escape. It is simple observation of what is.

In that observation, you see how the self divides: how it clings to possessions, beliefs, and relationships; how it strengthens itself through comparison, ambition, and fear; how it breeds conflict both inwardly and outwardly. To see this whole movement is to understand that the self is not sacred, not the essence of life, but merely a bundle of memories.

The question then is: how to go beyond it? Not by suppression, not by control, not by the invention of ideals.

Any such effort is still the activity of the self. To come over it is not through will, but through choiceless awareness.

When the mind is silently attentive, watching the arising of thought, the beginning of image-making, the birth of the self, then that very attention is a flame. In the light of this flame, the illusion of the self cannot continue. It ends without conflict, as darkness ends when there is light.

What remains is pure awareness — whole, unconditioned, untouched by memory or projection. In that state there is no self to defend or pursue. There is only the living movement of life, vast and immeasurable.

Poem

To be aware of the self
is not to praise it,
not to condemn it,
not to make it noble.
It is simply to see
what it is,
and how it is born.

The self is memory,
the residue of experience,
the marks of pleasure and pain,
of insult and flattery,
of success and failure.
Thought gathers these,
revives them as images,
and says, I was, I am, I will be.

Thus, the self is formed—
a shadow of yesterday
projected into today.
It seems solid,
but it is only the dead past

given the illusion of life
by thought.

To see this fact directly—
not as theory,
not as belief—
is the beginning of freedom.
In such seeing
there is no judgment,
no escape,
only observation.

Then one perceives
how the self divides,
how it clings to possessions,
beliefs, relationships,
how it feeds on ambition,
on fear,
on comparison.
To see this whole movement
is to see the self
as mere memory,
not as something sacred.

And how to go beyond?
Not through suppression,
not through control,
not through ideals.
All effort is still
the movement of the self.

But when the mind watches
quietly,
without choice,
without motive,
as thought arises,
as image forms,
as the self begins—

that very attention
is a flame.
In its light
the illusion burns away.

The self ends
without struggle,
as darkness ends
before light.

What remains
is pure awareness—
whole, unconditioned,
untouched by memory,
free of projection.

In that state
there is no self to defend,
no centre to protect.
There is only life,
vast, immeasurable,
silent,
and sacred.

To see the self is to end it."

The self is the shadow of memory; awareness is the light that dissolves it

Where there is attention, the self cannot continue.

The ending of the self is the beginning of wholeness.

Awareness reveals the self as illusion, and in that Revelation, it ends.

The self is a shadow of memory; in the flame of awareness, it disappears.

What thought revives as "I "ends in the light of seeing.

Where awareness flowers, the self withers like ash in the wind.

To see the self as it is, is to step into wholeness beyond it.

***

Thought divides because it is born from memory, from experience, from knowledge stored in fragments. Each fragment is conditioned by the past, by circumstance, by culture, by one's own limited experience. From these fragments thought operates, and therefore its action is always partial.

Whatever is partial creates division. When you say "I am a Hindu, you are a Muslim", or "I belong to this nation, you belong to that", it is thought that has drawn the line. When you seek security in an idea, in a belief, in an image of yourself, you divide yourself from another. Thought functions through comparison—better, worse, more, less—and in comparison, there is conflict.

Even when thought seeks unity, it does so by creating an opposite. It says "I must overcome division, I must be one", and in that very movement, it sustains division. Because thought is limited, time-bound, it cannot touch the whole.

To see the divisive nature of thought is not to condemn thought, nor to try to escape from it, but to understand its place. Thought has its use—in technology, in communication, in the practical affairs of life. But in the realm of relationship, in the search for love, in the pursuit of truth, thought breeds separation and sorrow.

When this is clearly seen—not intellectually but with the depth of awareness—then thought falls silent on its own. In

that silence, which is not of time, there is no division. And in that silence, the mind is whole.

Poem

Born of memory,
shaped by experience,
it moves in fragments
and each fragment
becomes the whole in illusion.

From these fragments
thought builds walls—
my nation, your nation,
my belief, your belief,
my god, your god.
Thus, conflict is sown.

Even in seeking unity,
thought creates an opposite,
and so, sustains division.
It compares—
better, worse,
higher, lower—
and in comparison
there is endless struggle.

Thought has its place—
in the making of tools,
in the solving of problems,
in the daily order of living.
But in love,
in truth,
in the understanding of life,
thought breeds sorrow.

To see this clearly,
without choice, without condemnation,

is to let thought be still.
In that stillness
there is no division,
no border of the self.
There is wholeness,
a silence not made by time.

***

The earth is whole without me,
its rivers flow,
its trees flower,
its skies hold endless silence.

It does not ask for my presence,
nor does it need my name.
The bird sings,
the mountain stands,
the ocean breathes,
whether I am here or not.

It is the “me” that fragments,
that divides,
that turns beauty into possession,
life into conflict,
relationship into bondage.

Without the “me,”
the earth is untouched—
it is heaven,
pure, immeasurable,
beyond all desire.

And when the “me” ends,
the mind too discovers
that same heaven—
not elsewhere,
but here,

in the living silence
of the present.

***

Man, and Nature: One Movement

Man says:
“Why compare human life with stars, rivers, or mountains?
They have no thought, no mind to reflect.
Life is different from them.”

But is it?
Stars shine without choice,
rivers flow without ambition,
mountains stand without fear.
Man, burdened with thought,
loses the simplicity of being.

Life is not thought;
life is beyond comparison.
When the mind is silent,
there is the same movement of wholeness
in a star, a river, a mountain, and in man.

To see this is to end the division
between “man” and “nature.”
Then life is not higher or lower,
not separate,
but one indivisible movement of the sacred.

- The star, the river, the mountain live without thought; man, burdened with thought, forgets how to live.

- Life is not different from the star or the river; it is thought that makes the division.

- To see without comparison is to discover the wholeness of life, where man and nature are one movement.

- The star that shines, the river that flows, the mountain that stands—all live without thought. Man alone, entangled in thought, separates himself from this wholeness.

- Life is not divided into man and nature. When thought is silent, there is only one movement—the sacred unfolding of the whole.

- The star lives without thought; only man, lost in thought, forgets to live.

- It is not life that is different from the mountain or river—it is thought that makes the division.

***

We think we are individuals, unique and independent. But look closely—what we call "I" is a bundle of memories, images, experiences of pleasure and pain. The word "me" is only a movement of the past. It is the echo of what has been. There is nothing original in it, nothing fresh, nothing untouched.

The morality society gives us—the codes of success, respectability, virtue—are themselves rooted in tradition, fear, and comparison. Such morality is no morality at all. It is merely conformity, a mask to live by. If I look at myself through that mask, then I do not see what I am; I only see what society wants me to be.

To see oneself clearly, one must lay aside this whole burden: the conclusions that thought has drawn, the ideals of what one should become, the fears that distort, the constant urge to be something other than what one is. When all that is set

aside—not in theory, not in effort, but actually put aside—then there is direct perception.

And what is seen? One sees that the self is nothing but memory, the residue of experience, pleasure pursued, pain avoided. The self is the past. It is not something living, new, original; it is a movement of continuity. In seeing this fact without resistance, without judgement, there is a strange freedom.

In that freedom, the "me" loses its grip. What remains is not describable by thought. It is not the old, not the accumulated. It is a living silence, a freshness untouched by time. Out of that silence flowers compassion, intelligence, love—not the cultivated virtues of society, but something wholly beyond it.

Question:
Why should one look at oneself at all?
Isn't it painful, confusing, even frightening?

Answer:
One wants to look with clear eyes,
because the morality of society is no morality at all.
It tells you what you should be,
but it blinds you to what you are.
If you look through its lens, you never see.

Question:
But then—what am I, truly?

Answer:
Look closely.
What you call "I" is only a series of memories,
a bundle of experiences strung together
by pleasure and pain.
The past holds you and says,
"This is you."

There is nothing new in that.

Question:
So, if all that is set aside—
the fear, the conclusions, the urge to become—
what remains?

Answer:
When the burden of the past is put aside,
there is a clarity untouched by time.
In that seeing, the "me" has no ground.
What remains cannot be captured in words.
It is silence without an image,
a freshness that is not born of yesterday.
From there flows compassion,
which is the only true morality.

***

In the Hindu Vedic vision, the Atman is spoken of as the eternal essence of life — unborn, undying, beyond change. It is the permanent reality within, the spark of the universal Brahman. To live in harmony with this permanent Atman is to transcend the cycle of rebirth; when ignorance and the illusion of self are dissolved, the soul is no longer bound to samsara. The Vedic teaching offers liberation (moksha) as a timeless resting in that which never began and will never end. Krishnamurti, however, spoke differently. For him, there was no permanent entity, no soul traveling through time, no eternal self clothed in many births. He rejected all authority, all tradition, all conclusions, including those of scripture. What he pointed to was choiceless awareness — a flame of seeing in the present, without the observer, without the burden of past knowledge. In this awareness, the "self" as thought and memory dissolves. What remains is not a permanent "entity," but a state of wholeness beyond time, beyond birth and death.

The Atman of the Vedas is an eternal substance, whereas Krishnamurti's awareness is not a substance at all — it is movement without center, a living intelligence that cannot be grasped. One speaks of permanence as essence; the other of freedom as the ending of illusion.

Poem

The sages said:
there is an eternal flame,
the imperishable Atman,
untouched by death,
a drop of the infinite.

Krishnamurti said:
truth has no name,
no permanence as substance,
only the ending of the self
in the flame of awareness.

One speaks of the eternal
as essence that abides,
the other of freedom
where nothing abides.

Yet both point beyond the noise of thought,
beyond the shadow called "I."
Where illusion ends,
there begins
The sacred

***

From ancient times the great seers, saints, and philosophers sought to refine the self. They tried to discipline it, to sublimate it, to adorn it with virtue, or to dissolve it in moments of meditation. At times they succeeded in silencing the restless mind for an hour, a day, or even for a season. But

the root of the self—the movement of thought—remained untouched.

The self is nothing but the continuity of thought, the endless chain of memory, the image of "me" sustained by past experience and future projection. To work upon the self without understanding the movement of thought is to decorate the cage while the prisoner remains within.

The ancient disciplines offered methods: control, suppression, renunciation, worship. These may have given temporary stillness, but they did not bring about the complete ending of the self. For thought, subtle and cunning, continued its activity under new disguises—calling itself virtue, calling itself God, calling itself enlightenment.

True dissolution of the self is not through refinement, suppression, or cultivation, but through direct perception of the nature of thought. To see that thought is a material, conditioned process—useful in the field of knowledge, but divisive and destructive in the field of relationship—is to end its authority in the psychological realm.

When thought falls silent of its own accord, without effort, then the self is not. In that ending there is no temporary escape, no cultivated silence, but a freedom that is total and irrevocable. That freedom is not born of time, nor is it the gift of any seer or teacher—it flowers only in choiceless awareness of what is.

Poem

The ancient seers laboured long,
polishing the self as one polish stone,
adorning it with virtue,
refining it with discipline,

hoping the shadow might vanish in light.

They fasted, they prayed, they renounced,
and sometimes, for a moment,
the mind grew still,
like a pond unruffled by wind.
But the root remained—
the restless movement of thought.

For the self is nothing but thought,
woven of memory and projection,
the endless echo of “me” and “mine.”
To refine it is to gild the cage
while the prisoner waits within.

True ending is not refinement,
not suppression, nor renunciation.
It is the seeing of thought as it is—
a material movement, mechanical, conditioned.

When that seeing is complete,
thought falls silent without command,
and with it the self dissolves.
In that dissolution there is freedom—
not fleeting, not cultivated,
but vast, unmeasured, whole

***

Man has moved astonishingly outward — into space, into technology, into the endless expansion of machines and knowledge. The outer world has become vast, complex, almost overwhelming. Yet in this movement outward he has neglected the inward, the depth of his own mind and heart.

The same passion with which he builds rockets, deciphers genes, and creates machines is absent when it comes to understanding himself. He has conquered mountains and oceans, but he has not looked into the roots of fear, sorrow, and conflict within. He can split the atom, but he cannot end violence in his own heart.

Unless there is an inward movement as intense as the outward, man remains incomplete, fragmented. To look inward is not to withdraw from life or to escape into ideals; it is to see directly the operation of thought, the machinery of desire, the structure of the "self." It requires as much clarity, passion, and intelligence as scientific exploration.

Wholeness is only when the inner and the outer are not two separate movements. The outward without the inward leads to imbalance, destruction, chaos. The inward without the outward becomes abstraction and illusion. But when there is a deep, choiceless awareness of both, then life flowers in wholeness — not divided, not lopsided, but in harmony.

Poem

Man builds bridges across oceans,
rockets beyond the sky,
machines that think faster
than his own mind.

But he has no time
to cross the small river within,
to look at the shadows of fear,
to end the noise of sorrow.

He conquers mountains,
yet stumbles over himself.
He measures the stars,
yet has not measured his own anger.

Without the inward flame,
the outward fire consumes.
When both move together —
the outer in order,
the inner in clarity —
there is wholeness,
there is harmony.

*****

The Tiny Fiction That Claims the Cosmos

After all,
what are we
in this vast universe!

Not only you as an individual,
but this entire earth,
the sun that sustains all life,
and even the galaxy we inhabit,
are unimaginably small
in a measureless cosmos.

They are specks
among countless galaxies,
scattered like grains of dust
drifting through boundless space.

Yet within this immensity,
thought —
a chemical, material movement
in the brain cells —
has created the “me,”
an astonishing illusion,
and this illusion has crowned itself
the centre of all existence.

Thought gives shape,
continuity,
and weight
to a separate centre —
the “me.”

To survive psychologically,
thought must preserve

the image it has made.
So, it clings —
to identity,
to belief,
to possessions —
investing them
with immense significance.

This self-importance
is not truth,
but the anxious effort of thought
to continue itself in time.

If we could truly see
how unimaginably tiny we are,
how brief our days,
we would understand
the absurdity of this “me” —
this illusion —
fighting, hating,
killing one another
for beliefs,
for nations,
for possessions,
for opinions —
all children of thought,
all fleeting,
all illusory.

For the sake of shadows,
we shed blood,
divide ourselves,
and destroy the very earth
that sustains us.

When thought asserts division,
we become — psychologically —
smaller than a particle,

confined within
the narrow walls
of fear, desire,
and comparison.

In that smallness
there is conflict and sorrow.
It is this fragmentation
that makes life
petty and violent.

But when the mind
becomes quiet —
when thought sees
its own limitation
and naturally subsides —
the boundaries
of the “me”
fade.

There is no centre to defend,
no image to uphold.

Then there is vastness —
not somewhere outside us,
but within —
for the division
between you
and the cosmos
has ended.

In that state
you belong to no country,
no religion,
no ideology.

You are simply
a human being —

alive,
aware,
responsible for all life.

To understand your place
is not to diminish yourself,
but to see clearly
that the “me”
is woven by thought.

In that seeing
the centre dissolves,
and with it
fear
and the burden
of becoming.

What remains
is a profound humility,
a gentle simplicity
in which
the extraordinary beauty
of existence
is revealed.

Then vastness
is not outside you;
it is what you are
when the “me”
is not —

when there is only
awareness,
only wholeness,
only life.

*****

Function without self

Each one of us has a function — to heal, to teach, to build, to write, to govern. Function in itself is beautiful. A surgeon operates with skill and precision; a teacher awakens understanding in young minds; a dancer expresses harmony through movement. Function is simple, direct, and without psychological residue when done out of love and attention.

But thought comes in and says, "I am the surgeon, I am the teacher, I am the artist." In that naming begins the image — the "me" that wants recognition, applause, security, position. Function becomes the means of self-expansion. Then, even in the very act of teaching or healing, there is division — the doer and the deed, the observer and the observed. That division is conflict.

When function becomes a vehicle for self-image, the mind is no longer free to function wholly. It becomes concerned with how it appears — Am I appreciated? Am I successful? Am I superior to others? This subtle movement corrupts the very beauty of action. The joy of doing is lost in the anxiety of becoming. And so, there is strain, comparison, and competition, which dull the sensitivity of perception.

A dancer who dances from silence and joy is a flame of creation; but when the same dance is for applause or fame, it becomes a performance of vanity. The act is the same outwardly, but inwardly it is mechanical, repetitive, lifeless. The self-image feeds on the movement, and what was once a living art becomes a means of self-advertisement.

In strengthening the image, the mind becomes occupied — endlessly measuring itself, defending, improving, comparing. Such occupation destroys the freshness of perception. A mind burdened with self-importance cannot see beauty. It can perform functions efficiently, perhaps even

brilliantly, but its brilliance has no light of understanding; it is a reflection of thought, not of intelligence.

To see this process without condemning it is meditation — to watch how the "I" creeps into every action, how it builds its house in every achievement. When one sees this whole movement clearly, without choice or justification, there is a natural ending of the image. Then function is pure — a flower blooming because it must, not for anyone to see.

In such freedom, there is joy in doing, not in being somebody. The surgeon operates not as "a great surgeon" but as a human being responding to suffering. The teacher teaches not to mould minds but to awaken intelligence. The artist creates not to be known but because creation is the song of life itself.

Where there is no image, function becomes an expression of love. And in that, there is no conflict, no dullness — only the beauty of clear seeing and the simplicity of being.

Poem

The hand may heal,
the voice may teach,
the brush may dance upon the void—
but when the "I" whispers,
beauty fades into effort.

You build, you serve, you play,
and in that doing
there is a rhythm,
a harmony without a name.
But thought comes—
and says, "This is mine,
I am the one who heals,
who teaches,
who shines."

From that seed of pride
grows the shadow of sorrow.
Function turns to vanity,
skill to burden,
joy to conflict.

To act without self—
that is creation.
Then the scalpel sings,
the word flows clear,
the dance moves
without dancer.

And in that silence of doing,
where there is no image,
no applause,
no measure—
there flowers
the beauty of life itself.

***

When a man sincerely wishes to do something good, something that may help the community or bring order where there is confusion, often another stands in his way—not out of reason, but out of jealousy, competition, or fear of losing importance.

This is one of the tragedies of human relationship: we do not really work together. Each one wants recognition, wants his name remembered, his contribution acknowledged. The desire for credit poisons cooperation. The ego wants to shine even in the act of service.

Why should one seek credit at all? If the act is good in itself, if it brings light or order, does it matter through whom it happens? The flower does not ask who is watching it bloom; the river does not demand gratitude for quenching thirst. But the human mind, driven by image and comparison, cannot bear anonymity.

The one who creates hurdles is also suffering; he is caught in the prison of self-importance. He obstructs not because he hates goodness, but because he fears being nobody. And the one who is obstructed, if not watchful, begins to react with anger or frustration, which only multiplies division.

To act truly for the good of others, one must be free of the self that seeks result and reward. Then action is not mine or yours; it is simply the expression of intelligence and compassion. When the mind is quiet, without the shadow of "I did it," the deed itself becomes pure.

In such freedom, cooperation is natural, not organized. There is no leader and follower, no superior and inferior—only the movement of understanding working through many hands.

To serve without seeking name, to act without comparison, to let goodness flower in silence—that is the true revolution.

Poem

A man wishes to serve,
to build, to heal,
to do something simple and good.
But another stands in his way—
not because the deed is wrong,
but because the praise might go elsewhere.

This is the sorrow of human hearts:
we do not truly work together.
Each seeks his name to be remembered,
his image to be seen,
his shadow to fall longer than another's.

The ego wants to shine
even in the light of goodness.
Thus, envy hides behind virtue,
and jealousy builds walls
where bridges could have been.

Why must the act have an owner?
Does the flower ask who will praise its bloom?
Does the river crave gratitude
for the thirst it quenches?
Goodness needs no signature.
Compassion moves silently,
unconcerned with who is seen.

The man who obstructs another's good
is himself in pain—
afraid to vanish,
afraid to be nobody.
His resistance is his cry for identity.
And the doer, if unaware,
reacts with hurt or anger,
and so, both remain trapped
in the same circle of self.

To act without self,
to serve without thought of name—
that is pure action.
Then there is no leader, no follower,
no giver, no taker—
only the movement of intelligence
flowing through many hands.

To do good in silence,
to let love work unseen—
that is the true revolution,
the fragrance that remains
when the self is gone.

*****

Choiceless Awareness – The Flame of Compassion

Awareness is common to life and the stars. Though the foundations upon which it flowers may differ—the neuron in man, the nuclear fire in the star—its essence is one: the order that holds the cosmos together.

In the living being, awareness expresses as sensitivity—the capacity to see, to feel, to listen without distortion. In the star, awareness is the harmony of forces in perfect balance, the unbroken intelligence of existence manifesting as light. When the mind of man is not clouded by thought, desire, or the noise of the "me," that same cosmic order is mirrored within him.

Awareness is not something that begins in man and ends with him. It is the pulse of existence itself—the quiet intelligence that sustains order in the ant, in the atom, and in the distant nebula. In man, this awareness is veiled by thought; in the star, it shines as pure balance.

When the human mind ceases to be absorbed in its own reflections—in memory, fear, and ambition—that same vast order flowers through it. Then awareness is not personal; it is not "my awareness." It is the living intelligence of the universe perceiving itself through the still mind.

In that awareness there is no division between the observer and the observed, between the light of the sun and the light within. There is only order—vast, uncreated, eternal—expressing itself as the song of life and the silence of the stars.

Poem

Awareness is the breath of all—
in the seed, in the sun, in the unseen.
The forms may differ—
nerve and neuron, flame and fusion—
yet one rhythm holds them all:
the harmony that is order.

In man, it whispers as sensitivity,
the tender art of seeing,
of listening without the walls of thought.
In the star, it burns without hesitation,
a perfect poise of fire and void.

When the mind is quiet,
unburdened by its own echo,
that same vast order moves through it—
not mine, not yours,
but the living intelligence
that breathes through the cosmos.

Then there is no center to observe,
no boundary to defend.
The light of the sun
and the light within are one.
Awareness alone remains—
uncreated, unending—
the song of life,
and the silence of the stars.

***

We live, most of the time, in the shadow of the self. The self is built of memory, of experience, of knowledge, of the images that thought continually revives. It appears solid, alive, important — yet it is nothing more than the revival of the dead past, projected by thought into the present.

The self seeks security in comparison, in achievement, in relationship, in possessions. It gives itself strength by identifying with a nation, with a religion, with an ideology, or even with the image of virtue. But at the root it is always the same movement — the "I" trying to become, to continue, to perpetuate itself. And as long as this shadow of the past is kept alive, there must be conflict, sorrow, and division.

No method, no discipline, no practice can dissolve the self, for they are all the products of thought, and thought itself is conditioned. Any effort to overcome the self only strengthens the centre that it seeks to escape.

But there is another way. When the mind observes its own movement — its desires, its fears, its images — without choice, without condemnation, without the urge to escape or justify, then awareness comes into being. This awareness is not directed by will, it is not cultivated, it has no motive. It is the simple act of seeing what is.

Choiceless awareness is a flame. In the light of that flame, the whole structure of the self is laid bare. And in the very act of seeing, the illusion burns away. The self, which is nothing but a bundle of memories, cannot remain before the clarity of attention. It ends, without struggle, without conflict — as darkness vanishes in the presence of light.

What remains is silence — not the silence of suppression, but a silence alive, vibrant, whole. In that silence there is no centre, no boundary, no "I." There is only awareness, pure and unconditioned. And in that awareness lies compassion, love, and a beauty untouched by thought.

Poem

We live in the shadow of the self.
It is built of memory,
of knowledge,

of images thought revives.
It appears alive,
yet it is only the dead past
projected into the present.

The self seeks security—
in comparison,
in achievement,
in relationship,
in possessions.
It hides in nations,
in religions,
in ideals,
even in the image of virtue.
But at the root
it is always the same movement:
the “I” striving to become,
to continue.
And so long as it moves,
there must be conflict,
sorrow,
division.

No method can dissolve the self.
No discipline, no practice.
They are all born of thought,
and thought itself is conditioned.
Effort only strengthens
the very centre it seeks to escape.

But there is another way.
When the mind observes itself—
its fears, its desires, its images—
without choice,
without condemnation,
without escape,
then awareness flowers.
This awareness has no motive,

no direction.
It is simply seeing what is.

Choiceless awareness is a flame.
In its light,
the whole structure of the self is revealed.
And in the very seeing,
the illusion burns away.
The self, a bundle of memories,
cannot stand before clarity.
It ends—
without effort,
without conflict—
as darkness vanishes in light.

What remains is silence—
not forced,
not cultivated,
but alive,
vibrant,
whole.
In that silence there is no centre,
no "I,"
only awareness,
pure, unconditioned.

And in that awareness
is compassion,
love,
and a beauty
untouched by thought.

In seeing what is, the self ends.

Awareness is the light in which illusion burns.

The self cannot stand before clarity.

Where there is choiceless awareness, there is no centre.

To observe without choice is the flame of freedom.

***

Choiceless awareness is not something to be cultivated, nor a discipline to be practiced. It is inherent in life itself, as natural as breathing, as inevitable as the rising of the sun. When the mind is utterly attentive, without preference, without resistance, there is this flame of awareness.

Life is choiceless awareness; but thought, with its noise, with its fears and demands, covers it up. The sunlight is always there, but when clouds gather, we imagine the sun must be manufactured. When the clouds pass, the sun reveals itself without effort.

The one who comes upon it and lives with it knows a life that is blessed — not in the sense of worldly fortune, not as a gift from outside, but blessed because such a life is whole, free from the corruption of becoming.

In the light of this flame, thought has no ground to stand on. Every movement of thought — every image, every projection, every memory that tries to shape the present — is seen for what it is: the continuation of the past. And in that seeing, it ends.

What remains is a stillness in which the self is not. This stillness is not emptiness; it is full, vibrant, alive. It is in this silence that wholeness reveals itself — a wholeness not born of effort or imagination, but present when the noise of thought has subsided.

In that wholeness lies compassion, an unmeasured love, and a beauty which the mind can never capture.

Poem

Choiceless awareness
is not cultivated,
not the result of practice,
not a discipline to be imposed.
It is inherent to life itself,
as natural as a leaf unfolding,
as inevitable as dawn.

The one who comes upon it,
who lives with it,
knows a blessed life —
not blessed by fortune,
nor by circumstance,
but blessed in freedom,
in wholeness,
in simplicity.

In that flame
nothing of thought can survive.
The images, the memories,
the projections of the self
are seen for what they are:
shadows of yesterday
pretending to be the present.
And in that seeing,
they end.

Awareness is not born of time.
It does not carry the burden of the past,
it does not move toward a future.
It is whole in itself,
silent and clear.

In that silence
wholeness reveals itself —
not as an idea,
not as an attainment,
but as life flowering

in its own beauty.

In the flame of awareness, the self is consumed.
The flame of seeing burns away the past.
Awareness is silence, and in that silence, wholeness reveals Itself.

***

To observe thought as it begins is to see the birth of the "me." The self is not something permanent, ancient, or sacred — it is born each moment in the movement of thought. Thought says, "I am lonely, I am angry, I must become something greater." In that very naming, in that very movement, the "I" takes shape.

Loneliness, sorrow, anger, jealousy, comparison, ambition, the urge to become — these are all branches of the same root: the self. The self thrives in the continuity of thought. It gathers from yesterday, projects into tomorrow, and sustains itself in the illusion of time.

To see this whole movement, not fragment by fragment but as a totality, requires choiceless awareness. In such awareness there is no condemnation, no justification, no running away. You simply watch as thought begins — a spark arising in the quiet of the mind. And in that very watching, the spark has no fuel to become a fire of illusion.

When the observer does not interfere, when there is no division between "me" and the thing observed, the self dissolves. Anger ends in the seeing of anger; loneliness withers when it is not carried over by memory. The self, which is nothing but the bundle of thought, has no continuity in the flame of awareness.

Then you are not separate from life. You are not a fragment struggling for permanence. You are wholeness itself — not as an idea, not as an attainment, but as the natural state of a mind that has emptied itself of the "me."

In that wholeness there is no loneliness, no comparison, no becoming. There is only life, vast and immeasurable, flowing without center and without boundary.

Poem

In the whisper of thought
is born the "me."
It says, I am lonely,
I am angry,
I must become.

From that small seed
springs sorrow and jealousy,
comparison and ambition,
the endless struggle of becoming.

But to watch the first stir of thought,
without choice,
without condemnation,
is to light a flame.

In that flame,
loneliness withers,
anger ends,
the self dissolves
like mist in the morning sun.

Then there is no "me" apart,
no fragment seeking wholeness.
You are wholeness itself —
vast, immeasurable,
without beginning,

without end.

***

If you watch very closely, you will see that the “me” begins with thought.
The first stir of thought says: I am lonely, I am hurt, I must have, I must become.
In that moment, the self is born.

From that single root, the branches spread:
sorrow, anger, jealousy, envy, comparison, the endless striving to become something other than what is.
The self is nothing but this movement — the continuity of thought projecting itself into time.

To observe the very beginning of thought is to see the birth of the self.
But this observation must be without choice, without condemnation, without control.
If you condemn, you strengthen the self.
If you justify, you nourish it.
But if you simply see, without the observer, then thought comes to light and ends there.

Choiceless awareness is the flame in which the self dissolves.
In that flame, loneliness is no longer carried over into tomorrow,
anger does not leave a scar,
comparison loses its poison.
The self, which is nothing but the residue of yesterday,
cannot survive in the clarity of now.

When this whole movement subsides,
you are not apart from life,
not a fragment seeking wholeness.
You are wholeness itself —
not as an idea,
not as a conclusion,

but as the natural state of a mind that has seen through the illusion of the "me."

And in that wholeness,
there is love,
there is beauty,
there is a freedom untouched by time.

***

We say we are related — husband and wife, parent and child, friend and neighbour. But what is the foundation of our relationships? If they are built on thought, on memory, on images we hold of one another, then conflict is inevitable.

Thought is of the past. It is the residue of experience stored as memory. When you relate through memory, you are not meeting the living person but only the image you carry. You see your partner through the screen of yesterday — through hurts, through expectations, through pleasure that you wish to repeat, or pain that you wish to avoid.

Thus, thought reduces relationship to continuity of the past. And in this continuity, misunderstanding grows, division hardens, and chaos follows. One image collides with another; one memory weighs against another. There is no freshness, no discovery.

Can relationship exist when thought is the basis? Or is it only a projection of the self-seeking security and comfort? The self, which is the center of thought, wants to possess, to control, to be assured. In this there is dependence, and dependence always brings fear. Where there is fear, there is attachment, jealousy, domination, conflict.

But when the mind is quiet — not forced into silence by discipline or control, but quiet because it sees the futility of thought in relationship — then a different quality flowers. In

such quietness there is listening, there is affection without demand, there is love without possession.

Relationship then is not a battlefield of memories but a living movement in the present. Each moment is new, untouched by yesterday. Only in such freshness can there be true communion.

A quiet mind is not an indifferent mind. It is a mind free from the burden of images, free from the noise of thought. Such a mind meets the other as they are, not as it wishes them to be. Then relationship is whole, harmonious, sacred.

Poem

When thought enters relationship,
love becomes a shadow.
The heart remembers, compares,
clings to pleasure,
fears its loss,
and calls it affection.

But the image you hold of another
is not the living being.
It is yesterday's echo,
a mask between you and me.

Where images meet,
there is conflict.
Where memory rules,
there is loneliness.

When the mind is quiet,
not bound by memory,
not driven by desire,
there is a meeting without shadow.

Then love is not possession,

but the fragrance of freedom.
Then relationship is not chaos,
but the flowering of wholeness.

***

You may say to yourself, “I know I am not this illusion; I am not the self.” But such a statement, however comforting, does not end the illusion. It is only another movement of thought, another mask of the self.

Even when you feel that you are free, that feeling itself is born of memory, of recognition, of thought projecting an opposite state. Thought creates the illusion and then thought tries to escape it by inventing the idea of freedom. But this “freedom” is still within the net of thought.

To see this clearly is of the utmost importance. The self hides in many forms: in words, in images, in feelings, in subtle declarations of “I am beyond.” Each disguise is still the “me,” seeking continuity under a new name.

True freedom is not the result of thought denying itself. It is not the conclusion that “I am not the self.” Freedom comes only when there is direct perception — when the mind sees the operation of thought as it arises, without choosing, without running away.

In that choiceless awareness, thought is seen for what it is: a movement of memory, always limited, always old. When seen in its totality, it has no power to deceive. Then the illusion of the self dissolves, not because you feel it should, not because you affirm its unreality, but because the seeing itself is the ending.

This ending is not a conclusion, not a feeling of relief, not an

achievement. It is a silence that comes when thought no longer masquerades as truth. In that silence there is wholeness — a life untouched by illusion.

Poem

You say, “I am not the self,
I am free of illusion.”
But the voice that speaks
is still thought,
disguised in another form.

Feeling declares,
“I am beyond,”
yet feeling too
is thought in motion,
memory clothed as freedom.

The self hides in many masks,
each whisper saying,
“I am free.”

True freedom comes
when seeing is pure,
when thought is seen as it begins
and ends in that very seeing.

Then silence flowers —
not born of effort,
not born of thought,
but the natural state
when illusion ends.

***

Contradiction exists because there is duality between the thinker and the thought. As long as this duality exists, there must be conflict.

Why There Is Conflict

Duality is invented. The mind imagines a controller— "the thinker," "the observer," "I"—who stands apart from thoughts and feelings in order to judge, suppress, or improve them.

The moment there is a supposed controller separate from the controlled (anger, fear, desire), division is born; with division comes resistance, and with resistance, conflict.

When anger arises and the mind says, "I must not be angry," what is that "I" made of? It is another thought, carrying the memory of ideals, upbringing, fear of consequences, desire to be spiritual, etc.

So, the "thinker" is merely a bundle of thoughts and memories—not a separate, higher entity.

When this is seen directly (not accepted as a slogan), the gap between controller and controlled collapses. Without that gap, the machinery of inner conflict (suppression, justification, escape) stops.

For example,

- Anger appears → instantly the "I" says, "I must control it." See that the controller is just another reaction. In this seeing, there is no second force to fight the first.
  What remains is undivided attention to anger's sensations (heat, pulse, thoughts).
  In undivided attention, anger has no resistance to push against; deprived of friction, it subsides.

- Desire arises → the "I" argues, "I should/shouldn't."

Notice both desire and the arguing "I" are thought. Seeing this, the debate loses fuel; there is clarity about consequences without self-conflict.

- Fear projects images of what might happen; the "I" tries to reassure or flee. Seeing both projection and "I" as one movement of thought-time, fear is met as sensation now, not as a story. Sensation peaks and passes.

A slogan ("thinker = thought") is superficial; seeing it as it happens is transformative.

The ending of conflict is not will-power, suppression, or a method in time. It is the absence of division brought by instant perception.

When there is no controller, there is no resistance; what is observed unfolds and ends in observation. This is not passivity—it is intelligent attention.

When the thinker–thought split ends, the mind is quiet without effort. From that quiet comes clarity, and action is simple, appropriate, and non-contradictory. This silence is not cultivated; it appears when division ends.

***

When you look within, you see the division between the observer — the one who watches, analyses, judges — and the observed — the anger, fear, or sorrow that is being looked at. We have lived in this division for centuries, calling one the "self" and the other "its experience." The mind says, "I am angry," as though anger were something apart from you, something you could control, shape, or escape from.

But look more closely.
Is there really a separate "I" who is angry?
Or is the anger itself the "I"?

When you look directly, without naming or condemning, you see that the observer is the observed. The thinker is thought; the experiencer is the experience. They are not two.

When this is seen, not as an idea but as a living fact, a strange thing happens: the observer begins to recede. The division collapses. The centre that says, “I must understand, I must change, I must control,” loses its foothold. There is only observation — pure, silent, choiceless.

In that state, perception is not distorted by memory, motive, or fear. The mind is not translating what it sees through past conclusions. It is like a mirror — reflecting exactly what is. And when there is only seeing, without the seer, the seen undergoes a profound transformation. The very energy of attention dissolves what is seen.

When the observer recedes, there is no conflict, no effort, no resistance.
There is only awareness — vast, unbounded, untouched by the noise of becoming.
That awareness is the flame in which the false burns away, leaving the clarity of what is — timeless, simple, sacred.

***

Poem

The watcher stood apart,
naming, judging, weighing —
calling one thought noble,
another profane.

He drew a circle around himself
and called it me;
outside the circle
he placed the world.

But one day,

in the quiet of deep seeing,
the circle faded.
The wall between the seer and the seen
was made of words —
and words crumbled.

Then there was no watcher,
no watched —
only the movement of life
in its unbroken wholeness.

Anger was not to be conquered,
fear not to be escaped;
they flowered, revealed, and ended
in the light of attention.

When the observer recedes,
the mind is still —
not made still by effort,
but silent because division has ceased.

And in that stillness,
the world is new —
each leaf, each breath,
each heartbeat of existence
is sacred, unrepeatable, whole.

***

We live as though there is always a watcher within — a thinker separate from thought, an observer standing apart from what is seen. This division is so ingrained that we hardly question it. We say, “I am angry, but I must not be,” or “I am jealous, but I should overcome it.” Thus, we create the thinker who pretends to be different from the thought.

But the thinker is not separate from thought. The observer is not distinct from the observed. They are one movement. The

“I” who claims to control anger is itself the product of thought, just another layer of memory, conditioning, and desire.

When this is clearly seen, the duality collapses. There is no controller and controlled, no judge and judged. What remains is only the fact — anger as a surge of energy, fear as a tightening in the body, jealousy as a flicker of comparison. Without the interference of the “I,” the mind does not divide itself.

In that undivided state, the observed does not continue. Why? Because its continuity depends on resistance, justification, or suppression — all the activities of the observer. When there is no observer to feed it, the flame burns itself out quickly.

For example:

- Anger: When anger arises and the “I” says, “I must control it,” conflict begins. But if there is only observation — no judgment, no control — anger unfolds, shows its intensity, and subsides naturally.
- Fear: Fear sustains itself by the observer projecting images of what might happen. When the projection is seen as the observer’s own invention, fear loses its momentum.
- Sorrow: Sorrow continues because the observer clings to memory, saying, “I have lost.” When the observer is not separate from that memory, sorrow reveals itself and withers in the flame of awareness.

This seeing is not an idea, not a philosophy. It is a direct fact that can be observed in daily living. In the very moment of observation without the observer, thought comes to an end. The observed — anger, fear, jealousy — dissolves in that still flame of choiceless awareness.

What remains when the movement of the self subsides? A silence that is not cultivated. A clarity that is not born of discipline. In that silence, there is a sense of wholeness, a life unbroken by division.
To live without the observer is to live without conflict. It is to meet life directly, freshly, without the weight of yesterday. That is the ending of the observed, and the beginning of freedom.

Poem

Anger rises like fire,
fear trembles like a shadow,
sorrow moves as memory.

At once the mind says,
“I must control,
I must escape,
I must endure.”
And so, the watcher is born.

But the watcher is the watched,
the thinker is thought itself.
When this is seen,
division ends.

Without judgment,
without resistance,
the flame burns itself out.

Anger falls silent,
fear loses its voice,
sorrow fades like mist in the sun.

In that stillness,
where the observer is not,
life flowers whole,
untouched by conflict.

Poem

A thought arises—
anger, fear, sorrow, desire.
At once another comes,
the judge, the thinker,
saying “I must control,
I must escape.”

But the thinker
is only another thought,
fuel upon the flame.

When this is seen,
the division ends.
The first thought,
left untouched,
burns and dies like a fire
with no wood to feed it.

Then silence flowers—
not forced,
not cultivated,
but natural as the sky
when the clouds have gone.

In that silence
is peace,
is beauty,
is wholeness.

Poem

In the flame of choiceless awareness,
where the mind is utterly still,
free of the noise of thought,

there is no “me” and no “you.”
There is no centre from which division begins,
no movement of desire that breeds sorrow,
no shadow of jealousy or comparison,
no seed of violence.

Thought is the culprit,
the fragmenting agent
that sets one against another,
that invents the self
and feeds its endless craving.
When thought subsides in the clarity of awareness,
what remains is not emptiness,
but a vast sacredness—
a sense of wholeness that is beyond measure.

In that wholeness there is love,
a love untouched by possession or demand.
There is compassion,
not for the one or the many,
but for all life.
In that flame,
life is seen as it is—
whole, indivisible, sacred.

Poem

In the flame of awareness,
silent, choiceless, thought-free,
there is no me, no you,
no division, no desire.

Sorrow fades,
jealousy ends,
comparison dies,
violence is no more.

Thought is the culprit—
the fragment, the divider.
When thought falls silent,
the sacred unfolds:
wholeness, love, compassion.

Only then is life whole,
untouched,
immeasurable,
sacred.

***

We must begin very simply. To be aware is to notice what is happening—around us and within us. The sound of the crow calling, the movement of leaves in the wind, the beating of the heart, the arising of a thought, the surge of an emotion—this is awareness.

Most of us are not truly aware. We are usually judging, comparing, interpreting. When anger arises, we say, "I must not be angry." When sadness comes, we ask, "How can I get rid of it?" When pleasure comes, we hold it tightly, fearing it will slip away. All this is not awareness; it is reaction. And reaction comes from thought.

Choiceless awareness means observing without the interference of choice. It is to look without condemning or approving, without comparing or trying to change what is seen.

When anger arises, can you simply see it as it is—without saying it is good or bad, without trying to justify it or suppress it? When jealousy burns, can you watch it without the movement of resistance? To look in this way is choiceless awareness.

Choice divides. Choice means you prefer one thing over another, you accept what pleases and reject what hurts. But awareness without choice is a mirror that reflects exactly what is. In that mirror, you see the whole movement of thought, the subtle play of desire, the deep-rooted fear, without distortion.

The mind that chooses lives in conflict. It says, “I must become this, I must get rid of that.” It is always chasing, always running away. Such a mind is never still, never at peace.

But in choiceless awareness, the mind is free of the burden of becoming. It is free to observe life directly. And in that observation, there is an extraordinary clarity. You see yourself as you are—not as you wish to be, not as you are told you should be.

When you are truly aware, without choice, something remarkable happens. The division between the observer and the observed begins to dissolve. Normally, we say, “I am angry.” But in awareness, there is only anger, arising and fading like a wave. There is no separate “I” who owns it.

In that state, thought loses its authority. You see directly that thought is the culprit—the fragmenting force that creates “me” and “you,” success and failure, higher and lower. Thought has its place in daily life, but it cannot touch the sacred.

When thought subsides in awareness, there is no sorrow, no jealousy, no comparison, no violence. There is only a vast silence, a sense of wholeness. In that wholeness there is love—not the love of attachment or possession, but love that is compassion itself.

Choiceless awareness is not a method, not a discipline, not a practice to be repeated. The moment you say, “I must practice

awareness," it becomes another choice, another effort of becoming. Awareness is not to be cultivated—it is there the moment you begin to look.

As you walk, you can be aware of the sky, the trees, the sound of your own footsteps. As you listen to another, you can be aware not only of their words but of your own reactions. It is not about improving, achieving, or reaching a goal. It is simply seeing what is—completely, directly.

In choiceless awareness there is freedom. Freedom from the past that conditions us, freedom from the future we are always chasing. There is only the living present—fresh, alive, unburdened.

This flame of awareness is sacred. It reveals that life is not fragmented, not divided. In the silence of such awareness, you touch the immeasurable—the wholeness that is beyond thought, beyond self.

The key is very simple: just look. Look without judging, without choosing, without running away. In that simple looking begins the ending of sorrow and the beginning of love.

Poem

Awareness is a flame,
untouched by judgment,
neither condemning nor praising,
only seeing what is.

Anger arises—
not yours, not mine,
just anger,
burning and fading.

Jealousy comes—

not to be suppressed,
not to be justified,
only to be seen.

In this looking without choice,
the “I” dissolves,
the observer is the observed,
and thought loses its throne.

What remains is silence,
vast, indivisible, sacred.
From that silence flowers love,
a love without measure,
compassion without boundary.

This is choiceless awareness—
a flame that burns away sorrow,
that leaves only wholeness,
timeless, eternal, alive.

***

Concentration

We all know what concentration is. A child is told to concentrate on his book, a worker to concentrate on his task. To concentrate means to bring the mind to a single point. But in this effort, there is always resistance. When you say, “I must concentrate on this page,” the mind is pushing away other thoughts, other noises, other interests. In this very act of pushing away, there is conflict.

Concentration, therefore, is exclusion. It creates a narrow circle in which the mind tries to stay, while all the time there is distraction pressing at the edge. The more you resist distraction, the stronger it becomes. So, concentration is a kind of struggle, a battle between what you want to focus on and what you want to avoid.

Concentration may sharpen a skill, but it does not bring freedom. It strengthens will, but will is a form of desire. And desire always carries with it fear, frustration, and conflict.

Choiceless Awareness

Awareness is altogether different. To be aware is to notice everything—the sound of the bird outside, the movement of your own thought, the tension in the body—without resistance, without exclusion. It is not saying, "This is important, that is unimportant." It is simply seeing what is.

Choiceless awareness means there is no effort to select. You do not say, "I will only look at what pleases me and turn away from what troubles me." Instead, the mind is like a mirror—reflecting everything clearly without distortion. In this awareness there is no centre that says, "I must become this, I must not become that."

This awareness is effortless. It is not achieved by practice or discipline. The very moment you look without judgment, there is awareness. In that looking, the observer and the observed are not two separate things. There is only the fact, seen completely.

When jealousy arises, to be choicelessly aware is to see it without condemning or justifying. When fear arises, to watch it without running away. This watching is not passive—it is full of energy, for it requires attention without escape.

Meditation awareness is often mistaken for concentration, for control, for following a method. But true meditation is choiceless awareness moving in freedom. It is the flowering of choiceless awareness in every moment of life.

Meditative awareness is not separate from daily living. It is there when you walk, when you listen, when you look at the sky. It is an attention that is total, not bound to one object but open to the whole field of existence. In such awareness,

thought finds its natural place—as a useful tool, not as the master.
Meditative awareness is the ending of the self as a centre. It is the silence that comes when thought no longer interferes, when the mind is not cluttered by becoming. In that silence there is no division, no fear, no sorrow. What remains is sacredness, love, and compassion.

Concentration is narrow, exclusive, born of effort, and always in conflict with distraction.

Choiceless Awareness is open, inclusive, effortless, and free of judgment.

Meditative Awareness is choiceless awareness flowering in life, bringing a silence that is vast, whole, and sacred.

Just watch. Watch your thoughts, your feelings, the movement of life around you. Do not choose, do not condemn, do not cling. In that simple watching begins awareness, and in that awareness begins meditation

Concentration and Understanding

If you want to learn mathematics, physics, or a difficult surgical technique, of course you need focus. The mind must not wander away every second. But what we usually call "concentration" is often a forcing of the mind. You push away what you call "distractions" and cling to one thing. This creates tension. You may succeed in memorizing or solving a problem, but the mind becomes narrow, resisting everything else.

So yes, you can learn a subject with concentration, but the learning may be limited—it may be mechanical, based on memory and repetition.

In choiceless awareness there can be a natural attention, a deep clarity that may also gather into concentration when needed. But this concentration is not forced, it is not born of exclusion. It is the natural outcome of seeing wholly, without resistance or preference.

Concentration as we usually know it is something quite different. It is the narrowing of attention to a single point, excluding all else. It is based on will, on effort, on choice — "I must hold this and push away that." Such concentration is always accompanied by conflict, because the mind resists distraction and tries to control itself.

Choiceless awareness has no such struggle. It is an open attention, where the whole field of existence is observed. In that openness, when a particular task calls for focus, concentration arises effortlessly. But the reverse is not true: in the limited focus of concentration there is no choiceless awareness, for the mind has already chosen, already excluded, already divided.

So, one can say: choiceless awareness contains within it the possibility of concentration, but concentration can never contain choiceless awareness.

Now, see the difference: when the mind is choicelessly aware, it is fully attentive without effort. Attention is not the same as concentration. In attention, you see the whole field. You hear the dog barking, you notice your breath, you read the book—all without conflict. Nothing needs to be pushed away.

When there is such attention, the mind is fresh, alert, alive. From this freshness, understanding a difficult subject becomes easier, because the mind is not struggling with distraction—it is simply open and observant.

Meditative awareness is this same attention flowing in daily life. It is a quality of mind that is both quiet and highly sensitive. In that silence, thought has its right place: it can calculate, analyze, learn. But it does not dominate. So, when you study with such awareness, the learning is not just intellectual—it penetrates deeply, becomes part of your being.

Concentration = effort, exclusion, narrow attention. You can solve problems, but with strain and draining away of energy

Choiceless awareness = open attention without resistance. Understanding comes without conflict, without exhaustion.

Meditative awareness = a deep, silent attention that allows thought to be used when needed, but never as the master.

So, yes, you can understand a difficult subject without "concentration" as struggle. What you need is attention—awareness without choice. In that attention, the mind is both still and sharp, and learning becomes natural, effortless.

***

Student: Sir, my teachers always tell me to concentrate. Without concentration, how can I learn anything?

Teacher: What do they mean by concentration?

Student: They mean fixing the mind on one thing—my book, my lesson—and not getting distracted.

Teacher: And what happens when you try to concentrate?

Student: I push away other thoughts. I try to ignore the sounds outside, the movement of people around me. But my mind still wanders.

Teacher: So, concentration is a battle, is it not? You resist distraction and force the mind into a narrow channel. This struggle itself makes the mind dull.
Student: But then how can I study without concentration?

Teacher: There is something different—awareness. To be aware is to see everything: the sound of the bird, the movement of thought, the words in the book—without pushing anything away. When you are aware, you are attentive. And in that attention, understanding comes naturally.

Student: Do you mean I should allow distractions?

Teacher: Not allow or disallow. Simply notice them. If a sound comes, hear it. If a thought arises, see it. Do not fight it. Then the mind is not divided between "what I must focus on" and "what I must push away." It is whole, attentive without effort. That is choiceless awareness.

Student: Is that the same as meditation?

Teacher: Meditation is not concentration, nor is it repeating a word or following a method. Meditation is this choiceless awareness flowing in life—when you walk, when you eat, when you look at the stars. In such awareness, thought finds its right place. There is silence, not forced by will, but born of understanding.

Student: In that silence, what happens?

Teacher: In that silence there is no "me" trying to become something. There is only wholeness, compassion, love. That is meditation.

Concentration = struggle.

Choiceless awareness = effortless attention.

Meditation = silence and wholeness born from awareness.

Student: Sir, must I not concentrate to learn?

Teacher: What happens when you concentrate?

Student: I force my mind onto one thing, push away distractions.

Teacher: That pushing away is conflict. A divided mind cannot be free.

Student: Then how do I learn?

Teacher: By attention—seeing everything as it is. The sound outside, the thought within, the page before you. No resistance, no choice. That is awareness.

Student: And meditation?

Teacher: When this awareness flows in daily life, without centre, without effort—that silence is meditation.

Student: In that silence, what remains?

Teacher: Not "me," not "you." Only wholeness, compassion, and love.

***

In choiceless awareness there is no initiation and or continuation of sorrow, of fear, jealousy, division, or violence. These movements belong to thought, and thought is the soil in which sorrow grows.

Usually, in inattention pain arises, thought clings to it, repeats it, gives it continuity. In inattention jealousy stirs, thought

compares and measures, keeping the flame alive. In inattention When fear appears, thought projects it into the future, sustaining it as shadow. In this way, thought initiates and prolongs suffering.

But in choiceless awareness, thought has no such power. Awareness simply sees sorrow as it arises—without naming, without condemning, without trying to escape. The instant you are aware without choice, the chain of continuation breaks. Sorrow does not carry into tomorrow; fear does not project into the future.

Awareness is like a flame that consumes the seed before it takes root. There is no continuation of division, because the observer and the observed are seen as one movement. There is no birth of jealousy, because comparison dies the moment it is seen. There is no breeding of violence, because the mind is not seeking security in images.

This awareness is not cultivated by practice. It is there the moment you look fully, without resistance or attachment. To look at a tree, a tear, a thought—completely, without judgment—that very looking is choiceless awareness.

And in that looking, there is neither the beginning nor the prolonging of sorrow. What remains is clarity, silence, and a sense of wholeness. In that wholeness lies compassion, love, and the sacred.

Thought initiates sorrow (by naming, projecting).

Awareness without choice ends continuation.

In such seeing, only wholeness and compassion remain.

***

To go to the very end of a thought, an idea, a feeling, or a subject is to be serious.

We rarely do this. We take up a thought and drop it halfway; we pursue an idea until it becomes uncomfortable; we follow a feeling only as long as it is pleasurable. Our minds are accustomed to distraction, to escape, to the easy satisfaction of partial understanding.

But seriousness demands that one carries the flame to its very end — without fear of where it will lead, without seeking comfort, without stopping at the halfway house of belief or opinion. To be serious is not to become grim, but to remain with something wholly, without division or compromise, until it has revealed its truth or its falseness.

If you follow a thought to its very end, without distraction, it will show you its limitation, for thought is always bound to memory, to the known. If you follow a feeling completely, you will see how it is tied to desire, to the image you have created of yourself and another. To go to the very end of an idea, you will discover whether it is born of truth or whether it is a projection of your own conditioning.

To be serious is to inquire without escape, without leaning on authority, without clinging to comfort. Then the mind becomes astonishingly clear, simple, and alive. Out of that seriousness comes the flowering of intelligence — and in that intelligence there is compassion, there is love.

***

Meditation Is Not for One Hour

They say: “Sit for one hour each day and meditate.”
But meditation is not the act of sitting in a corner,
nor the luxury of the privileged who have spare time.
Meditation is not a practice measured by the clock.

When you set aside one hour,
it is the self that divides the day,
the self that says: “Now I will meditate,
and later I will live as I please.”
Such meditation is part of the movement of thought,
and thought is always time-bound.

True meditation is not an activity,
but a way of living —
twenty-four hours a day.
It belongs not only to the monk or the philosopher,
but to the farmer in the field,
the labourer in the factory,
the scientist in the laboratory,
the child in the classroom.

Meditation is choiceless awareness:
seeing anger as it arises,
listening to the bird without naming it,
watching thought without becoming the thinker.
It is not concentration,
not control,
not repetition of words.
It is attention without motive.

When the self is absent,
there is no meditator,
only meditation itself.
And in that state,
the whole of life —
walking, working, speaking, listening —
becomes sacred.

Meditation then is not escape from living,
but the flowering of life in its wholeness.
It is the ending of division,
the ending of effort,
the ending of the “me” that separates.

And in that ending,
there is freedom —
a silence that is not of time.

Poem

They say: “Sit for an hour,
close your eyes,
withdraw from the world.”

But meditation is not in hours,
nor in corners,
nor in the silence of escape.

It is in the movement of life itself:
in the sweep of the broom,
the turning of a wheel,
the listening to a cry in the street.

Meditation is not a practice —
it is attention without boundary,
awareness without choice.

When the self is absent,
there is no meditator,
only meditation.

Then every breath,
every step,
every look,
is holy.

***

The act of seeing is in itself an ending of arrogance. To see clearly, without distortion, without the veil of prejudice, the mind must be empty of its own importance. Where there is the “me,” there is comparison, judgment, and the subtle

arrogance of knowledge. Such a mind cannot see; it only interprets.
True humility is not cultivated. The humility of a monk who disciplines himself, or the modesty that society praises, is still born of will. Behind it lurks the desire to be virtuous, the image of what one should be. That humility is but another form of vanity.

But when there is direct perception—when one sees the fact without the screen of ideas—then there is no center from which pride can arise. In that clarity, the self with all its pretensions is absent, and what remains is a natural humility, effortless and uncontrived.

This humility comes into being when there is intensity of seeing: seeing the truth of greed as greed, fear as fear, sorrow as sorrow. To look without running away, without condemning, without clinging—such looking dissolves the "I" that wishes to dominate. Out of that dissolution flowers a humility untouched by thought, a humility that is not cultivated but inevitable.

It is in this humility that learning is possible, for only a mind that does not assume, that does not claim, that does not cling, can discover what is true.

Poem

Humility is not worn
like a robe of virtue,
nor whispered in prayers
of the seeking mind.

It is not the monk's discipline,
nor the church's command,
nor the polished mask
of the self pretending to be small.

It comes
when the self is not.

When greed is seen as greed,
fear as fear,
sorrow as sorrow—
and the seeing ends them.

In that ending
there is no one who is humble,
there is only humility—
fresh, unmeasured,
like a flower that blooms
without asking why.

***

When there is anger, hatred, or aggression in you, the immediate movement of the mind is to escape from it. You call it "wrong," you condemn it, or you justify it as being provoked by another. Or you cover it over with an ideal: "I must be non-violent; I must follow the great teachers." But in that very escape you are no longer looking at violence — you are looking at your idea about violence.

To see violence as it is, without the screen of condemnation or justification, requires an extraordinary quality of attention. That attention is not born of effort or discipline, but of urgency — the urgency to look without distortion. Such looking demands energy, passion, intensity.

When you look at a flower or a sunset with passion, there is no distraction, no separation between you and what you see. In the same way, if you look at violence in yourself with complete intensity, without the observer standing apart, then the observer is that violence. In that moment of direct perception, the division ends, and with it comes the ending of violence.

But the moment you bring in an ideology — the ideal of non-violence, the belief that you should be otherwise — that direct perception is lost. You are then caught in time: "I am violent now, but one day I will be non-violent." That very projection sustains violence, because it postpones seeing.

This is why Krishnamurti said ideologies are destructive. They promise a future but prevent transformation now. To see what you are, instantly, without resistance — that is the ending of violence.

Poem

Do not cover it with a word,
do not escape into an ideal.
Violence is here—
in the clenched jaw,
in the restless heart.

Look at it,
without saying yes or no,
without a shadow of tomorrow.

To look is to burn—
with energy, with passion,
with the fire of seeing.

Then the observer is not apart,
the violence is not outside.
The seeing itself ends it.

And the dream of non-violence,
the burden of ideology,
falls away like dust in the wind

***

Violence cannot end violence:

Question: “Till everyone is in thought-free awareness, violence must be controlled by violence”

Answer: You say, “Till man becomes aware, violence must meet violence.” But then, sir, when will that end? For thousands of years, we have justified killing to prevent killing, war to end war, punishment to maintain peace — and the cycle goes on. The means and the end are not two separate things. The means is the end. If you sow the seed of violence, what can it produce except more of itself?

You cannot reach peace through a path of blood; the path is the destination. As long as we use violence “temporarily” to control violence, we are merely polishing the chain that binds us.

Violence is not only physical. It begins in the mind — in anger, comparison, ambition, greed, and fear. Society’s wars are the outer projection of this inner disorder. You may restrain or punish violent individuals, but unless the mind understands and ends the source of violence within itself, the outward violence will always reappear in new forms — political, religious, or moral.

You say “till that time,” as though awareness were a distant goal to be achieved later. But awareness is not of time; it is now or never. If each one of us sees the falseness of violence now — not intellectually but completely — then in that seeing, violence ends in us. That ending is not gradual. It is like seeing the danger of a cobra — the seeing is the action.

There must be order in society, yes — but order imposed by fear or punishment is mechanical and breeds revolt. Real order comes from understanding, not from enforcement. Where there is love, compassion, intelligence — there is order without authority.

“Love and compassion are not the opposite of violence; they are not born when violence ends. They exist when the self ends — for the self is the maker of violence. When you understand yourself deeply, without judgment or escape, there comes a silence in which violence has no root. That silence is not achieved by time — it is now.”

So, violence cannot “take care” of violence — only understanding can.
Violence may suppress the expression of disorder, but it can never bring peace.
Awareness — immediate, choiceless, total — is the only revolution.

***

The futility of escape

Man seeks escape. He is burdened by his own loneliness, his anxieties, his endless conflicts. To run away from this, he turns to drugs, alcohol, tobacco, sex, entertainment, and countless other forms of distraction. For a moment, in those states, there is a taste of self-forgetfulness — the “I” is blurred, thought is quietened, and there is a fleeting sense of release.

But this escape is always temporary. The self, with all its demands and fears, returns again, often more restless, more dissatisfied, more in conflict. So, the cycle begins again: desire, indulgence, forgetfulness, and the inevitable return of sorrow. Dependence is born.

The real question is: must the ending of the self come through escape? Must one always rely on some external substance or experience to dissolve the “I”? If freedom is through dependence, is it freedom at all?

True freedom is not the suppression of the self, nor its momentary dulling, but the ending of it. And that ending

comes not through effort, nor through escape, but through direct perception. When the mind sees itself — its cravings, its fears, its ceaseless chatter — without choice, without condemnation, then there is a silence which is not induced, not cultivated. In that silence the self is absent, not suppressed, but ended in the very act of seeing.

So, self-forgetfulness through drugs or indulgence is only a shadow. But freedom from the self, through choiceless awareness, is a flame that consumes the whole illusion.

Poem

Man runs from himself.
The burden of loneliness,
the ache of fear,
the ceaseless whisper of thought
becomes too heavy.

So, he turns to the bottle,
to smoke,
to drugs,
to the pursuit of pleasure.
For a brief moment
the “I” is blurred,
the self is forgotten,
and there is a taste of release.

But soon the self returns,
louder, hungrier,
and the chase begins again.
Dependence is born,
and with it sorrow.

Can freedom come through chains?
Can truth be found in escape?
What is forgotten by force
is never truly ended.

There is another way—
not through suppression,
not through indulgence,
but through the flame of seeing.
To look at the self,
its cravings, its fears,
without choice, without judgment,
is to enter a silence
that is not manufactured.

In that silence,
the self is not suppressed—
it is not.
And in that absence,
there is freedom,
there is wholeness,
there is life untouched.

***

Awake

When you cross the street, you are naturally alert. You watch the traffic, the movement of people, the light changing. In that moment there is no distraction, no self-centred concern—there is simple attention, necessary for survival. That attention is natural, effortless.

But the psychological structure of society—its conditioning, its comparisons, its pursuit of success and security—puts the mind to sleep. It lulls us into mechanical repetition: striving, imitating, fearing, desiring. In that sleep, we call ourselves awake, but in truth we are carried by habit, like a machine that repeats its program.

To step out of this structure is to awaken. Then watchfulness is not confined to a street crossing, nor limited to moments of danger. It becomes a way of being. One is awake not

because there is fear of accident, but because the mind is free of the net of conditioning.

Awake, one watches—not from a centre, not as an observer who judges, compares, or controls. Watching from a centre is still within the circle of conditioning. In that circle, one is not truly awake; one is only analyzing, breaking down, interpreting.

Awake watchfulness is without motive, without the watcher. It is like the clarity of the sky—vast, without boundaries. In that state there is no division between the one who watches and what is watched. Watching itself is awareness.

This awakened state is entirely different from the watchfulness born of fear, ambition, or self-protection. It is a state of choiceless awareness, where life is seen as it is, moment to moment. In such awareness there is freedom from the sleep of society, and in that freedom lies the sacred.

Poem

You are watchful when you cross the street—
alert to movement,
to sound,
to danger.
That attention is simple,
without effort,
without thought.

But society's structure—
its ambitions,
its fears,
its endless pursuit of success—
puts the mind to sleep.
In that sleep we move mechanically,
believing we are awake.

To step out is to awaken.
Then watching is not from a centre,
not to judge, not to control.
It is pure seeing,
a clarity without motive.

The sky watches the clouds pass;
it does not choose,
it does not compare.
So too the awakened mind
sees without division,
without the watcher.

Such watching is awareness—
choiceless, whole,
beyond the sleep of society.
In it lies freedom,
and in that freedom,
the sacred.

***

Most of us think order comes from control, from discipline, from shaping life according to rules and conclusions. We impose upon ourselves what we think we should be, and upon others what we think they should be. But this is not order — it is compulsion, adjustment, conformity. It may produce outward regularity, but inwardly it breeds conflict.

Order that is imposed is disorder in disguise.

Order is not obedience,
not the straight line
drawn by authority.
Such order is brittle,
fragile,
ready to break.

To look at another human being through conclusions is to deny relationship. When I say, “You are my friend, you are my enemy, you are clever, you are dull,” I am not seeing you; I am seeing only the image I have built of you.

This image stands between us like a wall. That wall is disorder. True order comes when I see you as you are — in this moment — without the screen of judgment, memory, or opinion.

I do not see you
when I see my thought of you.
The label hides the living,
the word covers the reality.
To meet you as you are
is order.

Order is the perception of fact, not the pursuit of ideal. When the mind sees clearly — the true as true, the false as false, the fact as fact — there is order.

This perception requires no authority, no commandment, no pattern. It comes with awareness that is choiceless, free of distortion. In seeing “what is” wholly, the very seeing brings its own discipline, its own harmony.

Order is the flame of seeing.
It burns away the smoke of opinion,
the dust of memory,
the shadows of conclusion.

To see things as they are
is to live in order.

Order is not static, not rigid. It is dynamic, alive, flowing with intelligence. Where there is order, the mind is not in conflict, not burdened by images. It is free, and therefore capable of immense energy.

Such order cannot be cultivated. It flowers naturally when the mind perceives clearly, without the screen of conclusions.

Order is not my conclusion of what you are.
It is the seeing of you
as you are.

Order is not discipline,
not suppression,
but clarity.

In that clarity,
life moves without friction,
without shadow —
in simplicity,
in truth.

***

We often say, “Students are too busy with examinations now; they can think of philosophy later, after they settle down.” But can truth wait for convenience? Can awareness be postponed to a quieter season of life?

We have divided living into compartments — study, career, family, then perhaps religion or meditation at the end. But life is not divided like that; it is one continuous movement. To live rightly is not something apart from study or work — it is the very foundation of right action in every field.

When we say, “I will think of these things later,” it means the mind is already conditioned to postpone, to escape. The young mind, busy with ambition and fear of failure, is already being shaped by society’s machinery — to compare, to compete, to achieve. In that very process, it is losing the freshness, the sensitivity that can perceive truth directly.

“What is the purpose of education — to pass examinations, or to understand life?”

If the mind is trained only to succeed, to memorise and repeat, it may pass every exam and yet live in confusion. But when the student begins to observe — his fear, his desire to compare, his restlessness — that observation itself is the beginning of intelligence.

Awareness is not opposed to study; it gives depth to learning. A mind that understands itself learns more deeply, more attentively.

So, the true education is not something that comes after one settles down. It is to live and learn in the same movement — to study mathematics, medicine, or science, and at the same time to understand oneself, the nature of thought, the beauty of the world.

When one learns in that way, there is no division between philosophy and living — life itself becomes the teacher.

Poem

Truth does not wait
for leisure or age.
It whispers even
in the noise of classrooms.

The young mind,
if it can look without fear,
will see —
examinations are not life,
they are only passing waves.

The sea beneath them
is vast, living,
forever teaching
those who listen.

To learn is to live,
and to live is to understand —
now,
not after the dust of ambition settles.

***

Question: Sir, many of us are preparing for competitive examinations. We are so busy with studies, tests, and schedules that there is hardly any time for reflection. I feel Krishnamurti's philosophy is for later — when one settles down in life.

Answer: Do you mean awareness can begin only when you are comfortable, when the struggle is over?
Can truth wait for a convenient moment?

You may pass all your examinations, become successful, earn a position — and yet, if you have not understood yourself, what is the value of that success? You may have knowledge, but will that bring clarity, or merely more confusion?

Question: But, sir, the pressure is real. We have to compete, get marks, secure jobs. Isn't it practical to think about all this first?

Answer: Of course, you must study and learn — that is necessary. But learning is not only about passing exams; it is about understanding the whole movement of life.

When your mind is occupied only with ambition and fear — fear of failure, fear of being left behind — it becomes narrow, mechanical. You may be efficient, but inside you remain uncertain, lonely, seeking.

To live rightly, the mind must be free to observe — to see its own motives, its fears, its comparisons. That observation is not opposed to study; it gives it depth. You may study

mathematics or biology, but if your mind is awake, attentive, you will learn far more than what is in the book.

Question: Still, sir, awareness seems abstract. How can one practise it when there are so many demands every day?

Answer: Awareness is not a practice. It is simply seeing. When you are aware of how you speak, how you listen, how fear arises in you — that very seeing is the beginning of intelligence.

You don't postpone seeing the beauty of a sunset until after the exam, do you? You see it when it is there. In the same way, awareness is not something to be done later; it is now, in the midst of your studies, relationships, anxieties.

Question: So, you mean living and learning are not separate?

Answer: Of course. To learn is to live; to live is to learn. The two are one movement.

When the mind is alive to everything — to a formula, to a bird's flight, to a friend's sorrow, to one's own thought — then there is no division between knowledge and wisdom.

The truly educated mind is not the one that has read many books, but the one that observes itself, silently, moment to moment.

"If you postpone understanding until later, the later never comes.
Awareness is not of time — it is the flame that must be lit now."

Poem

The student says,
“I will learn truth later.”
But truth is not
a lesson to be memorised.

It comes
when the mind is quiet,
even in the noise of classrooms.

When you look without motive,
listen without fear,
each moment teaches —
each breath becomes the book.

Then education is not a burden,
but a song of discovery,
and the exam of life
is written in awareness itself.

“Truth does not come when you are free from problems; it is seen in the midst of them”

*****

The Flame of Constant Awareness

We are told to be alert —
to watch ourselves,
to guard against fear, desire, anger.
But alertness is not a discipline;
it is not something to be practiced as a method.
Real alertness is a state of choiceless awareness —
without pressure, without direction,
without motive.

To be aware is to see.
To see without judgment,
to observe without interference,
to watch without the watcher.

When there is such observation,
the mind is alive —
awake, sensitive, clear.
This clarity is intelligence.

Awareness Is Not Effort

To "be alert 24/7/365" does not mean tension, struggle, or forced control.
Any effort to be aware
immediately brings the opposite —
dullness, fatigue, resistance.

Awareness is not a goal to be reached;
it is a natural state
when the mind understands the nature of thought.

When you understand fire is hot,

you do not fight it,
you do not struggle to avoid it —
you simply do.
In the same way,
when the mind sees the danger of thought in the psychological realm,
it naturally becomes watchful.

Awareness is effortless when there is understanding.

The First Flicker of Thought

Thought is necessary in its own field —
for skill, communication, work.
But the first flicker of psychological thought —
born of memory, fear, or desire —
creates division.

If that flicker is seen instantly,
it ends.
It does not grow into a story,
a fear,
a conflict.

Like a flame caught in the wind,
the first movement of thought
can vanish in the light of attention.

To see the beginning is the ending.

The Seed of Conflict

Every conflict begins with thought.
Thought says:
“I want,”
“I fear,”

“I must,”
“I must not.”

From this “me” and its movement
arises comparison, competition, jealousy, ambition.
This inner division
is then projected outward
into family, society, and nations.

War begins in the heart
long before it is fought on battlefields.

If the seed is seen,
the tree of conflict never grows.

Watchfulness Without the Watcher

When thought is watched without naming,
without judging,
there is only pure seeing.

The watcher is the past —
the accumulation of experience,
the centre that says,
“My thought,”
“My feeling.”

When the watcher is seen as thought,
the watcher is the watched.
Then the division ends.

In that ending,
the mind is quiet
without enforcement.

Awareness in Daily Life

Awareness is not separate from living.
It is not found only in meditation halls
or sacred retreats.

It is in
how you speak,
how you listen,
how you look at a tree,
how you respond to another's pain,
how you meet loneliness.

To be aware
is to live without the burden of yesterday
or the anxiety of tomorrow.

In awareness,
action is immediate,
precise,
free from regret.

Life is always now —
and awareness belongs only to now.

The Beauty of Non-Accumulation

Ordinarily, experience is recorded,
stored as memory,
and carried as knowledge.

That knowledge then shapes perception.

But when awareness acts,
experience does not become memory
in the psychological sense.

It ends as it happens —
like a bird flying across the sky

leaving no trace.

Such living is freshness —
untouched by time.

Awareness Ends the Movement of Becoming

Thought forever wants to become something:
better, more virtuous, more spiritual.

Becoming creates conflict —
what I am
versus
what I think I should be.

In awareness, there is no becoming —
there is only seeing.

Seeing “what is”
is the ending of “what should be.”

This ending is freedom.

Poem

A leaf trembles
in the morning breeze.
It does not plan,
it simply moves.

So, the mind
moves in awareness —
light,
unburdened.

Thought rises,

like a cloud,
and passes.
Nothing is held,
nothing resisted.

In this silence,
the heart is clear.
In this clarity,
love flowers.

Letting Life Be

To be constantly aware
is not to struggle against thought,
but to understand thought.

Understanding brings natural watchfulness —
not tension,
not strain.

Awareness is a flame
that burns without fuel
when there is no centre.

Then life is simple,
fluid,
unbroken.

One lives in a world of noise
without becoming noisy;
one walks among violence
without a trace of violence within.

In such awareness
there is no conflict,
no fear —
only the quiet flowering

of understanding.

***

Question:
Sir, you say one must be alert —
aware of the first flicker of thought.
Is it really possible to be aware all the time,
24 hours a day, throughout life?

Answer:
Let us explore it together.
Awareness is not a discipline imposed by will.
It is not a practice to be perfected.
It is a natural state
when the mind sees the danger of psychological thought.

Awareness Is Not Effort

Question:

If I try to be alert constantly,
my mind becomes tense.
Is alertness an effort?

Answer:
Any effort to be aware
is still within the field of thought.
When you say,
"I must be aware,"
you have already created conflict —
the division between "what is"
and "what should be."

Awareness is not struggle.

It is not a goal.
It is simply seeing.

When you understand the nature of thought,
watchfulness blossoms naturally,
without compulsion.

The First Flicker of Thought

Question:
Why must we notice the very beginning of thought?

Answer:
Because every conflict begins in its first movement.
Psychological thought —
born of memory, fear, or desire —
creates the centre called “me.”
From that centre springs comparison,
envy,
ambition.

If the first flicker is observed,
it ends instantly.
If unnoticed,
it takes root
and grows into sorrow,
confusion,
violence.

Seeing the beginning
is the ending.

The Seed of Conflict

Question:

Are you saying that all conflict arises from thought?

Answer:

Psychological thought, yes.
Thought says:
“I want,”
“I fear,”
“I must,”
“I must not.”

This movement creates division —
between what I am
and what I think I should be;
between myself
and another.

Division is conflict.
War begins in the human heart
before it reaches the battlefield.

Watchfulness Without the Watcher

Question:

Who is watching?
Is there not an observer who is aware?

Answer:

The observer is the observed.
The watcher is the past —
memory, knowledge.

When you say, “I observe my anger,”
there is a division:
the “I” and anger.
But the “I” is anger —
it is not separate from it.

When this is seen,
the watcher disappears.
There is only pure observation —
without the centre.

Awareness in Daily Living

Question:

Can such awareness exist in ordinary living —
family, work, responsibilities?

Answer:

Awareness is not separate
from daily activity.
It expresses itself
in how you speak,
how you look at a tree,
how you listen to your wife or husband,
how you meet loneliness.

It is not escape from life.
It is life —
lived fully,
without the burden of yesterday
or the fear of tomorrow.

Non-Accumulation

Question:

Can awareness stop the accumulation of psychological memory?

Answer:

When there is awareness,
experience ends in the moment.
It does not leave a wound,
nor does it leave a mark to be carried.

It is like a bird
flying across the sky,
leaving no trace.

Freshness comes
when the mind does not carry
the weight of the past.

Awareness and Becoming

Question:

Does awareness help us become better?

Answer:

Awareness ends becoming.
To become is to create conflict —
what I am
versus
what I think I should be.

Awareness is simply seeing

"What is."
In that seeing,
"What is" undergoes transformation
without effort.

Is Continuous Awareness Possible?

Question:

Can one be aware continuously?

Answer:

Do not ask if it is possible.
When you ask how to remain aware,
you have already moved into time —
into becoming.

When you see danger,
you are alert — naturally.
You do not need discipline
to avoid a precipice.

In the same way,
when the mind sees
the danger of psychological thought,
there is natural alertness.
It is not forced —
it is spontaneous.

Question:

So, awareness itself ends conflict?

Answer:

Awareness does not fight conflict;
it ends the source of conflict
— which is thought in the psychological realm.

When thought is quiet,
there is no centre.
When there is no centre,
there is no conflict.
Then living is simple —
in this corrupted, violent world.

Awareness is the flame
that burns away confusion.
It asks for nothing,
expects nothing,
accumulates nothing.

In that flame
is peace.

*****

Seeing Without the Word

The word mountain is only a sound, a symbol. You may repeat it a thousand times, you may hold an image of the Himalayas in your mind, but that image is not the living mountain—its vastness, its silence, its immensity, the play of light and shadow, the wind cutting across its ridges. The description can never contain the living fact.

Yet the human mind is satisfied with the description. It is easier to hold an image than to climb, to see, to live. The image is safe; the mountain is immense, unpredictable. So, we cling to the word, to the picture, and in that attachment, we lose contact with the real.

This is what we do not only with mountains, but with all of life. We have an idea of love, but the idea is not love. We have images of God, but the image is not the sacred. We have elaborate theories of freedom, but theories do not make us free.

The mind, conditioned by centuries of habit, accepts the description because it is convenient. The description has authority—by scripture, by teacher, by tradition—and so we cling to it. The moment we cling, we stop looking. The word becomes the barrier.

If you observe, you will see that the brain takes shelter in description because it fears the unknown. To look without the screen of words requires clarity, sensitivity, vulnerability. So, the mind escapes into knowledge—the known—because there it finds security.

But security in the known is only an illusion.

The word creates the duality between the observer and the observed. The sound “mountain” becomes a veil. When there is no interference of thought, no naming, no recognition—only then is there direct communion with what is. Then the mountain is not separate from you; it is not a picture in your mind but an actual living presence.

To see purely is the ending of the word.

So, the question is:
Can you look at anything—yourself, your neighbour, a sorrow, a tree—without the burden of description?

To see without the word is a flame.
It burns away the accumulated images of the past.
In that seeing, there is freedom.

Poem

The word mountain is not the mountain.
It is only a breath moving through the air,
a thin veil stretched over something immeasurable.

You may speak of its height,
draw its outline on paper,
trace the winding path to its summit—
yet none of this is the mountain.

For the mountain lives in silence,
in the chill of dawn against its flanks,
in the whisper of pines clinging to its skin,
in the snow that sleeps upon its ancient shoulders.

But the mind is enchanted by the description.
It nurses the image, polishes it,

says: I know this place; I have seen it.
So, it holds the word and forgets to look.

The description is safe—
it asks nothing of you.
The mountain, if you truly approach it,
asks for your whole attention,
asks that you leave behind the burden of memory,
the curtain of thought.

To meet it, you must come empty,
with eyes unclouded by what you have been told.
Then only is there the vastness,
the stillness that restores,
the grandeur that humbles.

We cling to the word
because the word is easy.
But to see is to die to the known;
to look without the mind's cry
is to enter a different world—
where the mountain is not named,
and the viewer is not separate.

In that nameless moment
there is only the mountain—
immense, unmeasured—
and a silence so total
that all descriptions fall away
like leaves in a passing wind.

***

THE GIRL WHO LEARNED TO SEE

Anaya lived in a small hillside town.
She loved knowledge.
Her notebook was full of facts—
how clouds formed,
why leaves were green,
what every star was made of.

She believed she understood the world
because she had the right words for it.

One afternoon, on her way home from school,
she walked past an old willow tree.
She had seen it every day.
To her, it was “just a tree.”

But that day, she saw an old man
sitting beneath it, sketching quietly.

“What are you drawing?” she asked.
“The tree?”

The old man smiled.
“No. I’m only learning to see.”

Anaya frowned.
“You mean… looking at it?”

“No,” he replied.
“Looking without naming.
Can you do that?”

Anaya laughed.
“Of course! It’s a tree.”

“That’s the word,” he said.

“But what is it without the word?”

Anaya stared at him, confused.
“What do you mean?”

The old man pointed to her notebook.
“You know many things,
but knowledge can become a wall
if you hide behind it.”

He invited her to sit.

“Close your eyes for a moment,” he said.
“Forget the word tree.
Now look.”

She opened her eyes.
For a moment her mind whispered the word—
but she let it go.

She noticed the trunk,
scarred and twisted like an elder’s hands.
Tiny ants marched along its bark.
The leaves shimmered like soft rain
in the golden light.
A bird nested high among the branches,
singing to the evening.

She felt a strange stillness,
as if the world had paused.

“It’s… alive,” she whispered.

The old man nodded.
“When you stop naming,

you meet the world directly.
When you say ‘tree’,
you bring your past with you—
your memories, opinions, knowledge.
Then you do not see
what stands before you.”

Anaya thought about school—
how she judged people instantly:
smart, dull, friendly, annoying.
She never truly saw them.

“How do I learn to see?” she asked.

“Start with silence,” he said.
“Let perception come before thought.
When the mind is quiet,
things reveal themselves.”

They sat without speaking.
The wind stirred.
The leaves whispered.

Anaya didn’t want to label the moment.
She just wanted to be there.

When she finally stood to leave,
the old man said,
“You now carry a different kind of seeing.
Not knowledge—
but awareness.”

Walking home,
she looked at the world—
not as names and categories,

but as living things.

The sky was not just sky.
It was vastness.
The river was not just river.
It was movement, music.
Her friend was not just friend.
He was a human being
with his own fears and hopes.

That night, she wrote in her notebook—
not facts,
but a single line:

“When the word ends,
seeing begins.”

And from that day,
her life quietly changed.

*****

Living in the Eternal Now

To live in the eternal now is not merely to dismiss the past and future, but to be utterly free of their burden. The mind is usually a movement of memory and anticipation, weaving images of what has been and what might be. These shadows of yesterday and tomorrow creep into the present, colouring it, distorting it. Then the present is no longer fresh; it becomes the continuation of the old.

But when the past is not carried forward, when the future is not projected by thought, the present stands in its own purity. In that purity, there is silence — not the silence contrived by discipline, not the quietness of suppression, but the silence that arises naturally when the self, with its noise, is absent.

From this silence, action flowers. It is action unburdened by the residue of yesterday, unshaped by the fear or hope of tomorrow. It is as if one is meeting life for the very first time, with eyes that are not dulled by knowledge, with a mind that is not bound by experience. Such action is whole, complete in itself, not carrying over to become the cause of further conflict.

This is what it means to live in the eternal now: to face each challenge in freshness, to act from silence, in silence, as silence. In that state, life is no longer a chain of continuity, but a constant renewal.

Poem

No past to carry,
no future to chase—
only this still flame
burning without smoke.

The mind is quiet,
not made quiet,
but silent
because there is nothing to cling to.

From this silence,
life moves,
not as memory,
not as desire,
but as a fresh stream
meeting the rocks for the first time.

Each act complete,
each word whole,
no residue,
no shadow left behind.

Here is the eternal now—
not in time,
but beyond it.

***

To live in the eternal now is the inmost nature of life. Life is ever fresh, ever unfolding, never bound to yesterday, never waiting for tomorrow. But the mind, carrying the weight of memory and projecting images of the future, prevents itself from meeting the present in its fullness.

The past — with its pleasures, its hurts, its conclusions — is dead. The future, imagined through desire or fear, is only a shadow of the past reshaped. When the mind clings to what has been, or pursues what might be, it lives in illusion. Such living brings conflict, anxiety, and sorrow.

Health, in the deepest sense, is in dying to the past every moment and not leaning upon the images of the future. To die to what is known — the accumulated experiences, the beliefs,

the wounds of yesterday — is to live with a mind that is young, innocent, and unburdened.

There is nothing healthier than this: to live each moment wholly, without the shadow of what was, without the projection of what might be. In that freshness lies true sanity, true vitality.

In such living, there is wholeness. The mind is not divided by time, not caught in becoming. Then life is not a problem to be solved, but a blessing to be lived — in simplicity, in beauty, in love.

Poem

To live in the eternal now
is the inmost nature of life.
Life is ever fresh,
ever unfolding,
never yesterday,
never tomorrow—
only this moment,
whole and alive.

But the mind carries weight—
memories of the past,
images of the future.
It clings to what has been,
pursues what might be,
and so, misses
the living present.

The past is dead;
the future imagined.
Both are shadows,
echoes of yesterday
projected forward.
To live in them

is to live in illusion,
and illusion breeds sorrow.

Health is in dying to the past,
each moment,
and letting the future be.
A mind that dies to the known
is young,
innocent,
unburdened.

There is nothing healthier
than this—
to live each moment wholly,
without shadow,
without projection.

In such freshness
there is wholeness,
there is love,
there is beauty.
Life is not a problem to solve,
but a blessing
to be lived.

Only in ending the past is there true living.

***

We live in the net of time. Thought carries the past into the present and projects the present into the future. Memory says, "I was hurt, I was happy, I must not suffer again, I must secure pleasure tomorrow." From this movement is born the sense of continuity — the past shaping the future.

Thought is the thread that weaves this fabric of time. And along with thought stands the thinker, who imagines himself to be separate: "I must control my thought, I must discipline

my mind, I must direct my life." But the thinker is not different from thought. He is thought in another mask.

Now see what happens when there is no thinker, and therefore no thought binding itself to memory. The burden of yesterday is not carried forward. The projections of tomorrow do not arise. The mind is not caught in the web of becoming.

In that state there is only the present — not the present of the clock, not the passing instant between past and future, but the timeless present: a moment that is active, alive, afresh, without continuity. In this present there is no sorrow, because sorrow belongs to memory. There is no fear, because fear belongs to anticipation. What remains is a wholeness, a stillness vibrant with life.

This timeless present is not something to be achieved. It appears naturally when thought ceases to impose its shadow of time. In that silence, perception is immediate, direct, unclouded. The song of a bird, the smile of a child, the movement of leaves in the wind — all are seen in their fullness, unmeasured by the past, unstrained by the future.

To live in the timeless present is not to withdraw from life but to meet it fully, moment to moment, without residue, without expectation. Then life is a river — flowing, renewing itself, endlessly new. In that flow there is peace, and in that peace, there is wholeness.

When there is thought, there is time. Thought is always of yesterday, carrying memory into today, and projecting desire or fear into tomorrow. From this flow arises the sense of continuity: "I was, I am, I shall be." Alongside thought stands the thinker — the "I" who pretends to stand apart, controlling or directing. Yet the thinker is only thought wearing another mask.

Now, what happens when thought ceases, or when there is no thinker to divide himself from thought? The whole structure of time collapses. Without thought, there is no past carried forward; without projection, there is no future to pursue or to fear. There is only the present.

But this present is not the narrow instant that exists between "before" and "after." It is not measurable. It is timeless — active, alive, continually fresh, without continuity. In this present, sorrow does not exist, because sorrow is the memory of what was. Fear does not exist, because fear is the anticipation of what might be. The weight of yesterday and the anxiety of tomorrow are absent.

What remains is a profound quietness, a wholeness untouched by time. In that stillness, life flowers — not as continuity, not as becoming, but as a living movement without shadow.

To live in such a state is not withdrawal, nor is it indifference. It is to meet each moment with total attention, unburdened by the residue of yesterday or the projection of tomorrow. Then relationship is new, action is clear, and every perception is whole.

In the timeless present there is peace, not as an opposite of conflict but as the natural fragrance of a mind free from division. And in that peace, there is a sense of sacredness, of immeasurable wholeness, that no word or belief can capture.

Poem

When thought is silent,
time falls away.
No past to carry,
no future to chase,
only the living now.

Not the instant between ticks of a clock,
but a vast presence,
untouched by memory,
unmeasured by tomorrow.

Here sorrow cannot remain,
for sorrow is yesterday's echo.
Here fear cannot arise,
for fear is the shadow of what may be.

What is left is wholeness,
a stillness alive,
a freshness that renews itself
moment to moment.

In this timeless present
life flowers without division,
and in that flowering
there is peace,
there is beauty,
there is the sacred.

***

Security in wholeness: Can thought end by itself?
To see this requires a flame of awareness, a quality of attention that never wavers, never skips over even the smallest movement of the mind. This watchfulness is not imposed by discipline; it is discipline. To observe step by step the play of thought — its conclusions, its escapes, its fears, its endless search for security — is to discover an order that is not manufactured, but that unfolds naturally.

The brain has sought safety in division: in belief, in nationality, in ideologies, in possessions. But when it sees with clarity that in division there is no security at all, then that very seeing is the ending of its illogical pursuit. Each

step of such seeing is itself an act of order. Out of that order comes a new quality of security — not in something, not in some belief or hope, but in order itself.

In such attention, thought does not need to be suppressed or controlled; it flowers, reveals its whole content, and ends naturally, without effort. This ending is not despair, but the beginning of a mind that is simple, whole, and free. Only such a mind can live in the beauty of order, and therefore in the security that is not of division but of wholeness.

Poem:

Can thought end by itself?
To see these needs great attention,
a flame of awareness
that misses not a single step.

Each movement of thought observed,
each contradiction laid bare,
each search for security unmasked—
this very watching is discipline,
this very seeing is order.

No “super order” is needed,
for order flowers
when the brain sees clearly
its own disorder.

It has sought safety in division—
in nations, in creeds, in possessions—
and now it perceives
that in division there is no safety.

This perception is the step,
and each step is in order.
Order itself is security,
not the illusion of walls and beliefs,

but the living harmony
of a mind attentive,
whole,
and free.

*****

Living Without Resistance

The Fact of Division

Krishnamurti begins by pointing out something very simple: Words divide. The word Englishman, Frenchman, Hindu, Muslim — each creates a boundary, a label, an image. Language, while necessary for communication, can also sow separation.

Similarly, opinions, beliefs, and conclusions divide. A Catholic and a Protestant, though both may speak of God, are divided by words, rituals, doctrines, and centuries of conditioning. Outwardly, there is the separation of nations, races, classes, and ideologies.

But he is not merely talking about outer divisions. He is inviting us to see that the same principle of division operates inwardly — within the mind itself.

Inside the skin, as he says, there is the "me", the ego, the self — a collection of memories, experiences, hurts, and desires — all put together by thought. This inward fragmentation mirrors the outer world's chaos.

So long as this process continues — this habit of thought dividing everything into me and you, mine and not mine, believer and non-believer — human beings will live in isolation and conflict, no matter how advanced their societies become.

Why Division Exists

Krishnamurti says the very nature of thought is to divide. Thought functions in fragments because it is the product of memory — of the past.

When you say, “I am angry,” there is already a split:

- “I” as the observer,
- “anger” as the observed.

But are they really two separate things?
The “I” is the anger, the jealousy, the fear. It only appears separate because thought observes itself as something apart, in order to control, suppress, or justify what is felt.

This division between the observer and the observed is the root of conflict. And that division is created by thought itself. This is not a belief — it can be seen directly by anyone who observes the movement of their own mind.

Why Communication Fails

He goes further to say that as long as there is division, there is no true communication.
We may speak, but we do not meet each other. Each person listens from within his own conclusions and opinions, so words become walls instead of bridges.

Even what we call love is often corrupted by this division. When love is entangled with thought — with expectation, memory, or attachment — it ceases to be love. It becomes possession, dependence, or desire — all forms of division.

So, he asks: How can one live in a world that is so divided and still be whole, undivided, harmonious—both inwardly and outwardly?

The Trap of the “How”

Here Krishnamurti makes one of his most profound points.

The moment you ask, “How am I to live without division?” the mind falls into a trap.
The “how” implies a method, a system, a formula — something to be practiced or achieved in time.

But a method means:

- there is you, the follower,
- there is a goal to be reached,
- and a path between the two.

That immediately creates division again: between what is and what should be.

So long as you are moving toward an ideal, you are escaping from the actual. The pursuit of what should be prevents understanding what is. And “what is” — your fear, your anger, your loneliness, your conditioning — is the only real fact there is.

Seeing ‘What Is’ Without Escape

Krishnamurti therefore says: discard the “how,” the “method,” the “system.”
There is no technique to end division. Any technique only strengthens the thinker who wants to become something.

When you give up all ideals of “what should be,” only “what is” remains — the fact of your fragmentation, your isolation, your resistance.

Now the question changes. It is no longer “How can I change this?”
It becomes “Can I look at this without resistance, without trying to change it?”

If you look at “what is” without naming, without condemning, without justifying — then thought is quiet.

There is no observer separate from the observed. The mind is simply aware of itself as it is.

In that choiceless awareness, the very seeing of division is the ending of division.

The Birth of Wholeness

So, Krishnamurti is not giving you a path to follow. He is inviting you to observe, to see directly.
When there is observation without resistance, the mind is not divided. That state is not something to be achieved; it happens naturally when the observer ends.

In that state of wholeness:

- There is no "you" and "me" psychologically.
- Thought operates where it is necessary — in science, in communication, in daily function — but it does not create images.
- Love is not born of memory or desire; it is the natural fragrance of an unfragmented mind.

Then one lives without resistance — harmoniously, intelligently, compassionately — not because one has practiced non-division, but because the mind is free of the process that breeds division.

To live without resistance is not to suppress thought, but to understand its limits.
It is to see that:

- Thought divides.
- Division is conflict.
- The search for a method perpetuates division.
- Seeing what is without escape brings an ending to division.

This ending is not an achievement; it is a flowering of awareness.
Out of that awareness comes sensitivity — the essence of love and intelligence.

Poem

The word divides—
nation from nation,
belief from belief,
you from me.
Thought names, measures, separates—
and from its shadow
the self is born.

Outwardly, we build walls of flag and faith;
inwardly, the “I” stands apart,
watching, judging, controlling—
the observer facing the observed.
Thus, life becomes a mirror of division,
each fragment calling itself whole.

And we ask, how shall I be free?
But the very how is a chain,
a path imagined by thought
toward a goal thought has invented.
In seeking unity,
we create the seeker and the sought—
two halves that can never meet.

When the mind ceases to ask how,
only what is remains:
the movement of thought,
the ache of isolation,
the silent struggle to become.
To see it wholly, without escape,

is to end it.

Then the watcher is not separate,
the thinker not apart from thought.
Division fades like mist in morning light.
In that undivided seeing
there is no resistance,
no method, no becoming—
only the clear song of awareness,
simple, silent, whole.

***

To live without resistance is not a matter of will, but of perception. When the mind sees that every form of becoming—every ideal, every effort to achieve a harmonious state—creates its own contradiction, it naturally falls silent. In that silence there is no method, no seeker, no path to follow. There is only attention—pure, choiceless, unpremeditated.

Out of that attention comes a life that moves without inner friction. Action then flows from understanding, not from ambition or memory. Such a life is not divided between the doer and the deed; it is a single movement of intelligence, of compassion in action.

And in that movement, there is beauty—not created by thought, but arising from the wholeness of being.

*****

Conflict — A Waste of Life's Energy

Human beings everywhere are in conflict.
War is only the outer expression of the inner violence each one carries.
Whether in Vietnam, the Middle East, or any part of the world, war is the projection of the battlefield within the human mind.
It is the collective form of the daily struggle that goes on inside each of us.

Where there is conflict, there is waste —
waste of passion, waste of clarity,
waste of the tremendous energy required simply to live.

As long as our minds are torn between what is and what should be,
life becomes a battleground.
We are divided within ourselves;
in that division there is endless friction.

Forms of Inner Conflict

Conflict is not only in faraway places.
It is here — in our homes, in our relationships, in the recesses of the mind.

It appears as:

- tension between husband and wife,
- sexual struggle between desire and restraint,
- the conflict of good and bad,
- the effort to become virtuous,

- the battle of control and suppression,
- the struggle to live according to a principle,
- the clinging to pleasurable memories and resisting painful ones,
- the drive for ambition and the fear of not succeeding.

Each of these is conflict,
and each is a drain on our life.

Thought creates an ideal —
and then struggles to conform to it.
Thought creates an image of what one should be —
and then fights what one is.
Thus, life becomes imitation,
not understanding.

The Mechanics of Conflict

Conflict exists only where there is division:
the "what is" and the "what should be."
Thought creates the ideal,
thought compares,
thought judges —
and comparison breeds conflict.

When you say, "I must be better,"
you have created an image in the future
which you now pursue.
This pursuit is resistance to the present.
And when you resist,
you divide yourself;
in that division lies conflict.

A mind pulled in opposing directions

cannot be quiet,
cannot see clearly,
cannot love.

Thus, energy is dissipated
in endless struggle.

Conflict in Relationship

In relationship, conflict arises when each one carries an image of the other —
what the other should be,
how the other must behave.

We are not related to each other —
we are related to our images,
to our memories,
to the past.

Where image meets image,
there is no meeting at all.
Therefore, love disappears
and conflict takes its place.

The husband fights his image of the wife;
the wife fights her image of the husband.
It is these images that argue,
not two living human beings.

The Futility of Becoming

We are conditioned to believe
that conflict is necessary —

that without struggle there is no growth,
no virtue,
no achievement.

But what is achieved through conflict
is always distorted.
A mind troubled by ambition
cannot see.
A heart burdened with fear
cannot love.
A life built on struggle
cannot know peace.

Virtue that is cultivated
is not virtue;
it is only another mask.

Goodness flowers
when the mind understands itself,
not when it forces itself
to become something.

Seeing Conflict Ends Conflict

Conflict cannot end through effort
because effort is conflict.
It ends only through understanding.

To understand,
one must observe
without condemnation,
without justification,
without trying to change.

When you observe anger without naming it,
without pushing it away or holding it,
you see its movement.
In that very seeing,
anger loses its energy.
Likewise with fear, jealousy, ambition.

Awareness without choice
dissolves conflict.

It is not a method.
You cannot practice awareness.
Practice implies time and effort —
which again is conflict.

Awareness is seeing —
seeing the fact
as it is.

The Release of Energy

When the mind is free from conflict,
there is an extraordinary release of energy.
That energy is clarity,
it is passion,
it is intelligence.

This energy can act harmoniously,
creatively,
without motive.
It is only in this freedom
that love can be.

Then life is not a battlefield

but a movement of deep peace.

This is the true revolution —
the ending of conflict within.
From that ending
comes a mind that is simple,
clear,
and compassionate.

Such a mind
is the foundation of a new world.

Poem

Where the mind is split,
the heart bleeds.

Where thought divides,
peace breaks.

To end struggle
is not to surrender —
it is to see.

And in that seeing,
quietly,
a new life begins.

*****

Relationship Without Thought

The world we live in is violent, greedy, competitive.
Nations are armed;
society is corrupt;
human beings are divided by belief, desire, fear.

Seeing this, we ask:
“How can one live in such a world without being torn apart by it?”
The answer lies in understanding relationship —
because to live is to be in relationship.

If there is clarity in relationship,
there is clarity in living.
If there is conflict in relationship,
there is conflict everywhere.

The root of disorder is not “out there”;
it is in the way we relate —
to people, to things, to ideas, to ourselves.

Where there is a centre —
the “me” with its demands, expectations, and fears —
relationship becomes struggle.
But when the mind is free of that centre,
relationship is simple, direct, and whole.
In such thought-free relationship,
there is no problem —
and therefore, living in a corrupt world becomes effortless.

Thought and the Image

Relationship becomes conflict
when thought interferes.
Thought divides.
It builds an image of the other —

what they were,
what they should be,
what they mean to me.

These images relate to images;
human beings never truly meet.
When I meet my wife, friend, neighbour,
I meet the memory of yesterday
— the hurt, the pleasure, the judgment.

And memory is thought.
Thought says:
“He praised me, I like him.”
“He insulted me, I dislike him.”
Thus, begins division, conflict.

So long as thought operates as the basis of relationship,
there must be misunderstanding and fear.

The Ending of Psychological Thought

Thought is necessary in its own field —
work, skill, communication —
but when thought enters love,
relationship dies.

Psychological thought is time;
it is the past reacting in the present.
To relate from the past
is not to relate at all.

To see this completely
is the ending of psychological thought.

This ending is not suppression;
it is understanding.
When you see the whole movement of thought
— how it creates fear and desire —

then thought naturally becomes quiet
in the realm of relationship.

In that quietness,
there is direct contact —
not mediated by memory.

Relationship Without the Self

When the “me” is absent,
is there relationship?
Yes —
for only then is there true relationship.

The “me” compares, judges, expects.
When the centre is active,
love becomes possession,
affection becomes dependence.

To see the self in action
is to allow it to end.
In that ending,
there is a sense of fullness —
not isolation.

Relationship without the self
is like a clear mirror —
nothing is held back,
nothing is projected.

There is listening,
sensitivity,
affection.

Such relationship is not yours or mine —
it simply is.

Living in a Corrupt World

The violent world outside
is the expression of the violent mind inside.
The world is corrupt
because the human heart is corrupt —
caught in the movement of becoming,
in fear, comparison, ambition.

But when the mind is free
of its own violence and demand,
it does not contribute to corruption.

Even if surrounded by disorder,
it remains clear.
It does not withdraw;
it does not resist;
it simply does not add to confusion.

This clarity is intelligence.
Intelligence acts appropriately,
without fear,
without motive.

Thus, one lives in a corrupt world
without being touched by it —
as the lotus rises unstained from the pond.

Freedom and Responsibility

Freedom in relationship
is not irresponsibility.
On the contrary,
when there is no self,
action is precise,
sensitive,
intelligent.

Such a mind does what must be done —
without inner conflict.

It may care for family,
work,
serve —
but it is not burdened.

Responsibility becomes action,
not anxiety.
Love becomes care,
not attachment.

In thought-free relationship,
one lives with people
and yet is inwardly alone —
not isolated,
but whole.

The Beauty of "What Is"

Thought-free relationship does not mean
indifference or coldness.
On the contrary,
it is full of affection.

When thought does not interfere,
life is simple.
One listens completely,
sees clearly,
responds accurately.

There is no conflict
between what I am
and what I think I should be.

This ending of conflict
is the beginning of beauty.

Poem

When thought is quiet,
the heart speaks.

Where the “me” is not,
love is.

In the midst of noise,
there is silence.

Among the violent,
one walks untouched.

The sky does not choose
where to be reflected;
it gives itself to every river,
every drop.

So is love
when thought has ended.

The mind that sees the truth of relationship
is free from self-created problems.
In such freedom,
relationship is harmony,
not struggle.

Then living in a disordered world
is not a burden;
it is simply living —
responding with clarity,
with compassion,
from silence.

In thought-free awareness
there is no problem.
There is only life —
moving, fluid, complete.

Question:

Sir, we live in a corrupt, violent, self-centred world.
Everywhere there is conflict — in nations, in society, in our homes.
Is it really possible to live without problems in such a world?
You say that in thought-free relationship, there is no conflict.
Is that so?

Answer:

Let us look at it together.
To live is to be in relationship —
with people, with ideas, with nature, with oneself.
If there is conflict in relationship,
there is conflict everywhere.
So, the issue is not the world first,
but relationship.

Question:

How does thought create conflict in relationship?

Answer:

Thought is memory —
the past reacting in the present.
You meet someone you know;
you bring yesterday's hurt,
yesterday's pleasure.
So, you never actually meet the person —
you meet the image thought has made.

Where there is image,
there is division.

Where there is division,
there must be conflict.

Question:

Do we really relate to people only through images?

Answer:

Consider it.
When your friend says something pleasant,
you hold on to it.
When your spouse hurts you,
you store that memory.
When you meet them next,
memory comes between you and the person.

Thus, it is not two human beings meeting,
but two memories,
two images,
interacting.
This is why relationship becomes struggle.

Question:

But thought is necessary in life, isn't it?

Answer:

Of course.
Thought is needed in daily living —
for work, skill, communication.
But when thought enters
the realm of love,
of relationship,
it destroys.

Thought must operate in its own field,
but not spill into the psychological realm
where it does not belong.

Question:

Then how does one end this interference of thought?

Answer:

By observing it.
Not suppressing, not judging,
not controlling —
just watching.

When you observe the whole movement of thought
without choosing,
it becomes quiet.
That quietness is not cultivated;
it is the natural outcome of understanding.

Question:

What is relationship when thought ends?

Answer:

When the “me” —
with its demands, expectations, fears —
is not active,
there is direct contact.

There is listening,
affection,
sensitivity.
Not because you try to be loving,

but because the noise of the self is absent.

Then there is relationship
without conflict.

Question:

But even if I live that way,
the world remains corrupt.
How can I live peacefully among violence?

Answer:

The world is corrupt
because the human mind is corrupt.
When you are no longer corrupt inwardly —
no ambition, greed, fear —
you cease to contribute to corruption.

Even in the midst of disorder,
you are clear.
Clarity acts rightly.
It does not withdraw;
it does not resist;
it simply does not add to confusion.

Question:

Can one live this way and still take care of responsibilities — family, work, society?

Answer:

Certainly.
Awareness does not reject responsibility;
it brings intelligence to responsibility.

Then care for family
is not burden
but affection.
Action is precise,
not pressured.
The mind is sensitive,
but not entangled.

Question:

Is thought-free relationship cold or distant?

Answer:

On the contrary.
When thought is silent,
the heart awakens.
There is warmth,
affection,
simple goodness.

Then you see the other
as they are —
not as you wish them to be.
That seeing is love.

Poem

When thought is quiet,
the heart speaks.

Where the “me” is not,
love is.

In the midst of noise,
there is silence.

Among the violent,
one walks untouched —
for there is no self
to wound.

Question:

So, in thought-free relationship
there is no problem?

Answer:

When the mind is no longer burdened
with the past,
with images,
with the noise of becoming,
relationship is simple.

Then the problem is not the world
but our own confusion.
When that confusion ends,
living in this world —
however violent —
is effortless.

Where there is thought-free awareness,
there is no problem.
There is only a movement of life
from silence,
in love.

*****

Living in Awareness in a Self-Centred World

We look around and see a world driven by ambition, competition, and ceaseless becoming.
Everywhere the movement of the "self" expresses itself as greed, envy, fear, and violence.
In such a world, people ask:

"Can one survive if one does not live the same way?
Can one live in thought-free awareness when everything around is self-centred?"

It is a natural question —
for we have been conditioned to believe that unless we conform to society,
we will be destroyed by it.

But is survival merely to conform?
Is living only to imitate corruption, to join the endless struggle for position and security?

To survive biologically is simple —
we need food, clothing, shelter.
But psychologically we crave far more:
status, power, recognition, safety in opinion,
certainty in belief.
This craving is the movement of the self.

The question is not whether a person living with awareness can survive —
the real question is whether one who lives in self-centred conflict is truly alive at all.

Thought-free awareness is not a trance, not isolation, not withdrawal.

It is a state of deep attention in which thought operates only where necessary —
as skill, as memory, as communication —
but the centre, the psychological “me,” is absent.

Such awareness sees things as they are —
not through the distortions of fear, desire, or belief.
This clarity is intelligence.
It acts without conflict,
and that action is its own protection.

Society is built on relationship,
but relationship is corrupted when the self operates as expectation, possession, comparison.
That brings conflict, and conflict destroys relationship.

To live in thought-free awareness is to relate without the burden of the past,
without the image of oneself and the other.
Then there is attention, affection, cooperation —
not as ideals but as natural expressions of clarity.

Such a person is not isolated.
He lives among others, yet remains inwardly free.
Freedom is not escape from society;
it is to live without the prison of fear and desire.

The world is self-centred because the human mind is self-centred.
Each person seeks to fulfil his own desires,
to gain advantage,
to be secure at any cost.
This self-interest expresses itself as competition,
nationalism,
violence,
and the worship of success.

A society made of such minds inevitably becomes cruel —

rewarding the cunning
and ignoring the quiet, the simple, the compassionate.

To live in awareness within such a world
may seem difficult —
but the difficulty arises only when one seeks approval
or fears rejection.

If one is inwardly free,
there is no authority greater than truth.
No social pressure can touch that which is true.

To live in awareness does not mean refusing practical
responsibilities.
One may have a profession, family, duties.
But these do not require psychological conflict.

Action born of clarity is efficient.
It functions intelligently in a world that is confused.
A mind that is free is not careless;
it sees what must be done and does it.

Survival does not require inner disorder.
In fact, disorder makes life harder —
breeding fear, confusion, and sorrow.

One survives more fully
when the mind is clear.

We ask whether awareness is practical
because we are afraid —
afraid of being vulnerable,
of not belonging,
of being different.

But awareness is not vulnerability;
it is true strength.
Fear exists only where the self seeks security.

When the self is not there,
what is there to be afraid of?

The world can touch the body —
but not the mind that is free.

The world changes only when the human mind changes.
To live in awareness is already a revolution.
It is to bring an entirely new dimension to human life.

Such a person is a light to himself —
and that light inevitably shines for others,
whether they recognise it or not.

He does not seek to transform the world;
yet the world is transformed where he stands.

So, can one survive in thought-free awareness
in a self-centred world?

The real question is:
Can one survive with conflict,
with fear,
with jealousy,
with endless struggle?

That is the life we call “normal.”
It is normal only because everyone suffers it.

To live in awareness is to step out of that stream —
not to escape,
but to see the stream for what it is
and no longer be carried by it.

Such living is not only survival —
it is true living.

Poem

Among the noisy minds,
a quiet mind is not lonely —
it is whole.

In the crowded streets,
it walks unhurt,
untouched by fear.

It gives,
not because others deserve,
but because giving is its nature.

It stands alone —
not in isolation,
but in freedom.

And in that freedom,
life is simple,
clear,
complete.

***

Question:

Sir, the world today is driven by ambition, competition, and self-interest.
Everyone seems to be concerned only about themselves.
In such a world, can one survive while living in thought-free awareness?

Answer:

It is a good question, and an important one.
But first we must understand what it means to survive,
and what we mean by a self-centred world.

Question:

We must live, earn, work, and take care of our families.
Does awareness really help in this?

Answer:

To survive physically,
one needs food, clothing, shelter — that is simple.
But we do much more than survive:
we seek recognition, power, security in belief and opinion.
We make survival psychological.

We do not fear hunger;
we fear loneliness, comparison, failure.
This fear is the movement of the self.

So, the real question is not whether awareness can survive,
but whether self-centred living is survival at all.

Question:

What do you mean by thought-free awareness?
Is it some form of escape?

Answer:

Not at all.
It is not trance, withdrawal, or indifference.
It is the state of attention in which thought is quiet —
not forced or suppressed,
but quiet because it has seen its limitation.

Thought operates where necessary —
in skill, communication, work —
but it does not create a centre,
a psychological “me.”

In such awareness,
there is direct perception
without the colouring of opinion or memory.
That perception is intelligence.

Question:

But the world is full of conflict.
How can awareness protect us?

Answer:

Awareness does not protect by resisting.
It acts from clarity.
A quiet mind sees danger instantly and acts.
It does not waste energy in inner struggle.

Conflict divides;
awareness unites action.
Where there is no psychological division,
there is no fear.
Such a mind is never harmed inwardly
because there is nothing to be hurt.

Question:

In family and society, relationships seem impossible
without struggle.

Answer:

Relationship becomes conflict
when the self —
with its demands, jealousy, and expectations —
enters.

You do not relate to another;
you relate to the image you have of the other.
As long as images meet images,
there is no meeting.

But when there is awareness,
there is no image.
There is listening, affection, cooperation —
not as an effort,
but naturally.

Such a person is not isolated.
He lives among others yet remains inwardly free.

Question:

Still, the world is corrupt and self-seeking.
Won't a person living in awareness be crushed?

Answer:

One is crushed only when one clings to outcome —
to position, reward, status.

A mind that seeks approval is always afraid;
a mind that sees truth is beyond fear.

The world can touch the body —
illness, accident, misfortune —
but it cannot touch the mind that is free.
That freedom is intelligence.

Such intelligence will act appropriately
in every circumstance.

Question:

Must one then withdraw from society?

Answer:

Not at all.
Withdrawal is another form of self-centred activity.

One may have a profession,
family, responsibilities.
Awareness does not deny them;
it brings clarity to them.

When the mind is quiet,
action is efficient,
precise,
without inner conflict.
This is true practicality.

Question:

Why do we ask whether awareness can survive?

Answer:

Because we are afraid —
afraid of not belonging,
afraid of being different,
afraid of losing security.
But security based on imitation is insecurity.

Only a mind that is free
can meet life wholly.

Freedom from the self is not vulnerability;
it is strength without aggression.

Question:

So, does awareness transform the world?

Answer:

The world is the projection
of our inner state.
Violence within expresses as war;
fear expresses as dependence;
ambition expresses as ruthlessness.

When there is inner clarity,
relationship changes.
When relationships change,
society changes.
That is the only revolution —
not in the streets,
but in the heart.

Question:

Then finally,
can one really survive in such awareness?

Answer:

Survival in conflict is not living.
It is merely continuing.

To live in awareness
is to step out of the stream of becoming —
not to escape,
but to see its nature.

Such living is not only survival —
it is true living.

It is a life of clarity,
of affection,
of freedom.

And only such a life
brings peace to oneself
and to the world.

Poem

Among the noisy minds,
a quiet mind walks —
simple,
undivided.

It does not resist the world,
nor bow to it.
It sees,
and in that seeing
is freedom.

Where there is freedom,
there is love.
And where love is,
the world is new.

***

Freedom Is Not in Circumstance

There is a common idea that Krishnamurti could live freely — without psychological conflict — because he had no family, no possessions, and an organisation that provided what he needed.
So, people say,
“He could live in thought-free awareness because he had security.

But I have responsibilities — children, property, work — therefore I cannot live as he did."

This is an understandable thought,
but it is also a subtle escape from looking at oneself.

The Outer and Inner

Freedom is not determined by outer circumstance.
A man may have nothing, and still be bound by fear,
still be torn by desire and ambition.
Another may have wealth and family
and yet be inwardly free.

The prison is not outside.
It is in the mind —
in belief,
in comparison,
in desire,
in the accumulation of memory as identity.

Krishnamurti had no family;
another may have a large family —
neither condition gives freedom.
Only insight frees.

Is Responsibility an Obstacle?

We think responsibility is a burden —
that caring for family or earning a living
prevents inner freedom.

But responsibility becomes a burden
only when it is mixed with the self —
with fear, expectation, and comparison.

If responsibility is seen clearly —
simply as what must be done —
then there is action without conflict.
It is the self that turns responsibility into pressure.

Awareness does not deny responsibility;
it transforms the way responsibility is lived.

The Escape of Comparison

When one says,
“He could live freely because he was looked after,”
one is comparing.

Comparison is another way of saying:
“I cannot.”
It is an excuse.

You compare yourself with another,
then justify your imprisonment.
But comparison is the very movement
that creates conflict.

To see “what is” in oneself
is more important than comparing with another.

Circumstance Cannot Give Freedom

One may have everything provided —
food, shelter, health —
and still be lost in thought,
driven by fear or desire.

Many monks who renounce the world
are still full of conflict.

Why?
Because renunciation does not end the self.
The self simply becomes spiritual.

So, the question is not
whether Krishnamurti was supported or not,
but whether you see the nature of the self within you.

Freedom does not come from comfort;
it comes from seeing.

Krishnamurti's Life Was Not Easy

Though the foundations later cared for him,
his early life was marked by immense struggle:
illness, isolation,
loss of his brother,
the collapse of an organisation built around him.

He was watched, worshipped, criticised,
and pressured continuously.

Security came later —
and even then, he never belonged to anyone.
He could have had wealth, status, power;
he rejected all of it.

His freedom was not granted by circumstance —
it came from insight.

Freedom Is Not in Having or Not Having

Whether you have family or not
is irrelevant to inner freedom.

Self-centredness can exist

whether one lives alone or with many.
Possession is not in the house;
it is in the mind.

A man may own nothing,
yet be consumed by desire.
Another may own much,
and yet be unburdened.

Freedom has nothing to do with quantity —
but with quality of seeing.

It is said:
“K had a foundation to take care of him.”

But ask:
What is it that you think you lack?

Is it money?
Is it time?
Is it comfort?

Or is it that you are unwilling
to look at yourself —
to face fear without escape,
to observe desire without judgement?

No foundation can give that.
No organisation can supply understanding.

The foundations cared for his body,
not his mind.
His mind was free
because he had seen the false as false.

The Real Issue

The real question is not about Krishnamurti.
It is about you.

Can you look at your own life —
your beliefs, fears, memories —
without judgement,
without escape?

If you can,
there is freedom.

If you cannot,
then no circumstance,
no renunciation,
no support
will free you.

Freedom is not the result of preparation.
It is the ending of the self —
now.

The Door Is Within

So, when one says,
“Krishnamurti could live that way because he had support,”
one is closing the door.

But when one says,
“I see that the self is the source of conflict,
and I will observe it,”
the door opens.

Freedom is not for the privileged.
It is for the earnest.

It opens when the mind

sees the truth of itself —
without resistance.

Poem

The beggar carries gold in his mind
and calls himself poor.

The king sleeps uneasy
guarding his jewels.

But the one who sees
has nothing to guard —
nothing to lose.

For he is not made
of possessions,
but of clarity.

***

Question:

Sir, some people say that you could live in thought-free awareness only because you had no family, no property to protect, and the foundations took care of your food, health, and travels.
They say: “If we too had such support, we could also live freely.”
Is that so?

Answer:
Let us look at it carefully.
When we say such things, what is happening in the mind?
Are we really trying to understand freedom,
or are we finding excuses to avoid looking at ourselves?

Question:

But surely outward circumstances make a difference?

Answer:

Outward conditions — family, work, money —
have their place, of course.
We need food, shelter, clothing.
But freedom is not a result of circumstance.

A person may own nothing
and still be inwardly torn by fear and desire.
Another may have family and responsibility
and yet be inwardly free.

The prison is not outside;
it is in the mind.

Question:

But having family brings pressure and conflict.

Answer:

Responsibility becomes a burden
only when the self interferes.
When responsibility is seen clearly —
without fear, without comparison —
it is simple.
It is the self — with its demands, expectations,
its desire for comfort and recognition —
that makes responsibility heavy.

Awareness does not remove responsibility;
it transforms the way you meet it.

Question:

But still, isn't his life different from ours?

Answer:

When you compare yourself with another,
you have already escaped from looking at yourself.

Comparison is another way of saying,
"I cannot."
It becomes a comfortable excuse.
Comparison itself is conflict.

To see "what is" in oneself
is far more important than comparing with another.

Question:

Maybe his life was easier.

Answer:

Security or comfort does not bring freedom.
Many monks who renounce the world
are still full of conflict.
They have left their families,
yet they carry their conditioning within.

Freedom has nothing to do with having
or not having.
It has to do with seeing clearly
the movement of the self.

Question:

But the foundation looked after him.

Answer:

That came much later.
As a young person,
he was sickly, alone,
his beloved brother died,
and the great organisation built around him collapsed.

If circumstance brings freedom,
those difficult years
should have brought only misery.
Yet something in him
questioned deeply,
saw clearly,
broke away
from every form of authority.

His clarity did not come
because life was easy.
It came because he saw.

Question:

So, the foundation didn't create his freedom?

Answer:

No organisation can give understanding.
It can offer physical support — food, travel —
but it cannot end fear,
cannot end attachment,
cannot end the self.

You may have servants, wealth,
family or none of these —

freedom does not come from that.

Freedom is from understanding yourself
as you are.

Question:

Then why do people keep saying this?

Answer:

Because it is easier to say,
“He had special conditions,”
than to look at one’s own confusion.

It is an escape.
If we say he was different,
we feel exempt —
we need not question ourselves.

But the real question is not about him.
It is about you:
Can you look at yourself
without judgement,
without escape?

If you can,
freedom is there.

Question:

So, freedom is not in arrangements?

Answer:

Freedom is not the result of preparation,

nor of favourable circumstance.
It is the ending of the self —
now.

When you see the false as false,
it falls away.
When fear is seen completely,
it ends.

That seeing —
not support,
not isolation —
is freedom.

Question:

Then one can live freely
even with family and responsibility?

Answer:

Of course.
Freedom is inward.
You may live among many people,
fulfilling necessary duties —
yet your mind is untouched
by fear and comparison.

This is not withdrawal.
It is intelligence in action.

Freedom is not choosing
a convenient lifestyle.
It is the ending of conflict
wherever one is.

Poem

One may sit alone
and still be crowded
with fear.

Another may walk
among thousands
and remain untouched.

Freedom is not
in the place
but in the seeing.

When the heart is clear,
no circumstance binds.

***

One's work may appear to demand ambition, competition, aggressiveness, and the pursuit of acquisition. The organisation, the system, the corporate structure all seem to insist that one must strive, climb, compare, and succeed at the expense of another. And yet inwardly, one may not want to be ambitious; one may see the conflict, the strain, the violence hidden in that pursuit. So, what is one to do?

Can one go to the office, perform one's duties, and yet not be ambitious? Can one live within a structure that demands fear, greed or aggression, and yet remain untouched by it? This question is fundamental.

If there is only resistance — "I must not be ambitious" — such resistance is still part of ambition, because it is born out of fear. But if one actually sees the truth and falseness of ambition— sees how ambition is rooted in comparison, in fear, in the pursuit of becoming something — then that very seeing dissolves ambition naturally. The moment one sees

fire as dangerous, there is no struggle to avoid it; there is simply no desire to touch it. In the same way, when one sees the truth about greed, the mind is free from it without conflict.

Only when we are partially greedy, partially ambitious, is there struggle; then the environment influences us, moulds us, corrupts us. It is the residue of greed within that responds to the temptation outside. But when the mind is completely free of greed — not merely verbally, not intellectually, not as an ideal to be achieved, but actually — then no structure, no institution, no social pressure can make it greedy. The mind that has understood the nature of acquisition — its pettiness, its sorrow, its endless discontent — is no longer caught in its net.

This freedom is not withdrawal; it is not indifference. It is an inward clarity born of attention. When there is complete awareness of every movement of desire, comparison, fear, and insecurity, that very awareness brings order. In that order there is goodness — not the moral code invented by society, which is conformity, but a goodness that arises from seeing what is true. And this goodness is not measurable; you cannot say, "I am more good than you." Comparison has no place in goodness. It simply is.

So, one can go to the office, work intelligently, cooperate with others, and yet remain inwardly free, because the mind is no longer seeking security through position or status. Outwardly one may be part of a structure, but inwardly one is free from its psychological demands. The structure may tempt, threaten, persuade — but it cannot corrupt a mind that has understood the falseness of greed.

In such freedom, work is no longer a field of struggle; it becomes an expression of intelligence. One does what is necessary, what is skillful, but without the burden of

becoming. Then action is whole, and in that wholeness, there is peace.

*****

Why Wait for the World to Change?

We wait for the world to change.
We want nations to become peaceful, societies to become just, religions to be united,
and relationships to be free of conflict.
We keep hoping that someday the world will transform — by reform, by revolution, by new leaders, by new systems.

But the world is not separate from us.
The world is what human beings are:
their fears, ambitions, beliefs, prejudices, greed, and sorrow.
To hope for the world to change while the human mind remains the same
is to chase an illusion.

The essence of Krishnamurti's teaching is simple:
Begin with yourself.
Live in thought-free awareness —
not as a practice, not as a goal to be achieved,
but as a natural unfolding when the mind sees the nature of thought.

Thought is always old;
it is the residue of memory,
the accumulated past.
Whenever thought interprets the present,
it distorts what is.
From that distortion arises conflict.

So long as the mind lives in the burden of yesterday
or in the projection of tomorrow,
there can be no transformation.
You cannot bring peace to the world
while you carry disorder within yourself.

When you observe thought without interference,
without judgment,
without trying to control or escape it,
there comes a quietness —
a stillness that is not cultivated.
In that stillness, there is perception without the past.
There is action from clarity, not from confusion.

This is the beginning of inner revolution.
And that inner revolution is the transformation of the world.

Waiting for society to change —
for neighbours, governments, institutions, religions —
is merely postponement.
You could wait lifetimes,
and nothing will change fundamentally
because the root of disorder is in the human heart.

The world you see is coloured by the mind you live with.
When the mind is confused,
everything appears confused.
When the mind is free,
the world is encountered freshly —
not as an idea, but as it is.

So, Krishnamurti said:
“You are the world.”
Not poetically,
but as a profound fact.
Your anger contributes to human violence.
Your greed sustains human exploitation.
Your fear nourishes division.
Your clarity brings light.

Therefore, the responsibility of transformation
is not on society first,
but on the individual —
on you.

The question is not,
“Why doesn’t the world change?”
but,
“Why am I not changing?”

To live in thought-free awareness
is not to escape life,
but to meet life totally.
Such a mind sees relationship clearly,
acts without contradiction,
and loves without motive.

Then you do not ask whether the world is changing.
The world is transformed for you
because your perception is no longer clouded by the past.
When you change,
your relationships change;
when relationships change,
society changes;
and when society changes,
the world is new.

Transformation is not tomorrow;
it is now —
in the seeing of what is.

Do not wait for the world.
Do not wait for others.
Do not seek authority, method, or promise.

Begin with yourself —
with awareness of every thought,
every reaction,
every movement of the self.

This awareness is freedom,
and in that freedom is the flowering of compassion.

A single mind that is free,
that is whole,
that is silent —
is the true revolution.

That is the essence of Krishnamurti's teaching.

Poem

You are not apart from the world —
you are its voice, its hope, its wound.

Waiting is postponing.
Seeking is escaping.

See now —
with eyes unburdened by yesterday.

In that seeing
the mind is quiet.
In that quiet
love flowers.

And where love is,
the world is already new.

Question:

Sir, everywhere there is disorder. Nations are divided, religions quarrel, society is violent, and relationships are full of conflict.
We feel helpless.
How can the world be transformed?

Answer:

We are always waiting for the world to change —

for governments, religions, leaders, systems, someone else.
But the world is not separate from you.
The world is what human beings are —
their fears, ambitions, beliefs, sorrows, and hopes.
If the individual does not change,
the world cannot change.

Question:

What do you mean when you say “You are the world”?

Answer:

It is not a poetic statement.
Your anger is part of the world’s violence.
Your greed sustains exploitation.
Your fear creates division.
When you change,
the world around you is transformed.
So, the beginning is not with society —
it begins with you.

Question:

What prevents this change?

Answer:

Thought.
Thought is the residue of memory — the past.
When thought interferes, it brings the past into the present,
distorting what is.
And a distorted perception brings conflict.
As long as the mind lives in the burden of yesterday
or the projection of tomorrow,
there can be no transformation.
Question:

Then how can change happen?

Answer:

Change begins when you observe thought
without judgment or resistance.
In that choiceless observation,
thought falls silent by itself.
This silence is not cultivated;
it is the natural quiet of understanding.
In that quietness,
action is clear,
free of contradiction.

Question:

Is thought-free awareness the essence of your teaching?

Answer:

Yes.
Live in awareness that is not conditioned by the past.
When the mind is quiet,
there is perception without distortion,
and this clarity is intelligence.
This intelligence acts —
not thought, not memory.
Such action brings transformation.

Question:

So, the revolution is inward?

Answer:

Of course.
Waiting for the world to change is an escape.
You could wait lifetimes —

nothing fundamental will change
as long as the mind remains confused.
But when you change,
your relationships change;
when relationships change,
society changes;
and so, the world is transformed.

A single mind that is free,
that is whole and silent —
is the beginning of the true revolution.

Question:

Then what should one do?

Answer:

Do not wait.
Do not seek method, authority, or promise.
Begin with yourself —
with awareness of every thought,
every reaction,
every movement of the self.
In this awareness is freedom;
in that freedom is love;
and where love is,
the world is new.

Question:

Sir, if I change but others do not, what is the use?
Must not everyone change together for society to improve?

Answer:

If you say, “I will be good only when the other is good,”
then there is no change at all.

You are merely reacting, and reaction is not goodness — it is dependency.

When your action is determined by what another does, you are not free.
You simply mirror the disorder around you.
Such a mind does not discover what it means to act from clarity.

Goodness that depends on others
has no depth, no fragrance.
It is like a leaf blown by every passing wind —
beautiful perhaps for a moment,
but directionless.

True goodness is not imitation.
It is not the outcome of pressure, reward, punishment,
nor the result of wanting to become something.
It flowers when the mind sees the falseness of comparison and stands alone —
not in isolation,
but in freedom.

To wait for another to change
is to postpone change in yourself.
That very postponement is conflict.

When you change because others have changed,
it is still conformity.
But transformation is not conformity —
it is insight.

The world says,
“Be good — because others expect it.”
That is fear, not goodness.

Religion says,
“Be good — because God will reward you.”

That is bargaining, not goodness.

Society says,
“Be good — because it helps order.”
That is calculation, not goodness.

Real goodness has no motive.
It is the natural expression
of a mind that sees clearly.

A heart that acts only when others act
is still caught in dependence,
still afraid.

But when there is clarity,
you are good because there is no other way to be —
not because someone is watching,
not because it is useful,
but because seeing has dissolved all conflict.

From such seeing comes a goodness
that is immediate,
alive,
untouched by influence.
Only such goodness brings
true relationship,
true peace,
true transformation.

***

The Poison of Comparison

Comparison –The Root of Fear:

Thought is the Root of Fear

Fear of Livelihood

Man is afraid of not surviving, of not having enough to eat, of not being able to provide for his family. This is the primitive fear of livelihood—deep, urgent, tied to the body's need for security. The body itself has intelligence; it seeks food, shelter, safety. But when thought enters and projects into tomorrow, saying, "Will I have enough? Will I lose what I have?"—fear begins.

Fear here is not the fact of hunger in the present moment; it is thought imagining hunger in the future. Thus, thought carries the shadow of tomorrow into today.

Fear whispers of tomorrow,
even while today is sufficient.
The body hungers,
but thought says—
"What if hunger comes again?"
In that projection
fear is born.

Fear of Society's Expectations

We fear not meeting the demands of the world. Society has built its structure on comparison—success and failure, fame and obscurity, power and weakness. From childhood we are told: "Be better than the other, achieve, rise higher." This endless measurement breeds fear—fear of falling short, fear of not being respected, fear of being nothing.

But a society that feeds on comparison is not truly moral. Its values are corrupt, for they glorify ambition, power, and wealth. To live by those values is to live in perpetual fear.

To be measured is to be afraid.
To be judged is to tremble.
The world says, “Climb higher,”
but the very ladder
is built of fear.

Fear Born of Jealousy

Jealousy is comparison in its most intimate form. When I compare myself with another—his beauty, his talent, his possessions—I create the wound of envy. That wound festers as fear: fear of being less, fear of being left behind, fear of never becoming equal.

The ache of jealousy burns.
It whispers:
“You are not enough,
you must be more.”
And so, the heart tightens,
shut away in fear.

Fear Born of Images

Fear is also born of images: the image I have of myself, the image I have of others, and the image of what I should be. These images are the past carried into the present by thought. They divide us, they clash, and out of this conflict fear arises.

I wear a mask for you,
I wear a mask for me.
Between the masks
stands fear,
guarding the distance

between us.

Thought: The Root of Fear

At the heart of all fear lies thought. Thought creates time—yesterday, today, tomorrow. Thought says, "I was, I am, I will be." It projects the future out of the past, and in this projection fear is born: "What will happen to me? Will I succeed? Will I lose? Will I suffer?"

Thought is necessary in practical matters, but when thought tries to find psychological security, it only creates insecurity. The search for safety becomes the very source of danger.

Thought builds the prison,
then seeks the key.
It runs from fear,
not seeing
that it itself
is fear.

The Ending of Fear

To end fear is not to resist it, not to control it, not to escape into belief. All such effort is still born of thought, and thought cannot end fear, for thought is fear.

The ending of fear comes only in the seeing—seeing the whole movement of fear without separation, without the observer who says, "I must conquer fear." The observer is the observed. The thinker is thought. When this is seen directly, fear ends without struggle.

Look at fear,
without turning away.
Do not call it good or bad,
do not seek to overcome it.
See it wholly,

and in that seeing
fear withers away.

A Life Without Fear

When fear (thought) ends, comparison ends. When fear (thought) ends, the burden of becoming drops away. Then life is not a struggle to be something, but a flowering of what is.

Such a life knows freedom, innocence, and love. A mind that is free of fear is not hard, not violent, not cunning. It is tender, alive, awake. In that awakening there is light—not borrowed, not given, but shining in itself.

Where fear ends,
there is love.
Where fear ends,
there is freedom.
A mind without fear
is a light to itself,
and in that light
there is no shadow.

***

Comparison - The root of Corruption

The Habit of Measuring

From childhood, we are taught to measure ourselves against others. Parents compare one child with another. Teachers set one student against the next. Society glorifies success and condemns failure. This constant habit of comparison becomes so ingrained that we think it is natural, even necessary.

But comparison is never innocent. The moment we compare, division begins—between what I am and what I should be, between myself and another, between fact and ideal. In that division, fear and conflict arise.

The mind measures,
the heart trembles.
One step behind,
one step ahead—
forever caught
in the race of becoming.

Comparison as the Birth of Corruption

We think corruption belongs only to governments, leaders, or institutions. But corruption begins in the heart of comparison. When I compare myself with you, envy is born. From envy comes jealousy, ambition, competition. In their wake follow deception, exploitation, and violence.

Comparison is corruption because it denies what is. It tells you: "You are not enough. You must be more." This denial of the fact in pursuit of the ideal is the very distortion of truth.

Envy grows
where comparison begins.
Ambition blooms
where the heart feels less.
And in the shadow of ambition
corruption spreads,
quietly, endlessly.

Comparison in Society

Society thrives on comparison. We reward the so-called successful and disregard the rest. We build hierarchies of wealth, power, beauty, and intellect. Out of this arises

exploitation—those at the top dominate, those at the bottom imitate or revolt.

But the society is not separate from us. Its corruption is the reflection of our own. As long as we compare ourselves inwardly, society will remain divided outwardly.

The corruption in the world
is the mirror of our own envy.
The cruelty of nations
is born in the jealousy of neighbours.
The structure of power
is built on the weakness of comparison.

The Ending of Comparison

To end comparison is not to become indifferent, not to withdraw from life, not to stagnate. The ending of comparison is the flowering of what is.

When the mind sees itself clearly without measuring against another, there is no envy, no jealousy, no struggle to become. There is only a simple, direct awareness of what one is. In those seeing lies freedom, and in that freedom lies innocence.

Without comparison,
there is no corruption.
Without envy,
there is no conflict.

To see clearly
without measuring,
to live simply
without becoming—
this is innocence.

And innocence is incorruptible.

- Comparison denies what is, and this denial is corruption.
- Out of comparison arise jealousy, ambition, competition, and fear.
- Society, built on comparison, reflects our own inner disorder.
- Freedom from comparison is not stagnation—it is wholeness, flowering without distortion.

***

Comparison is the Root of Violence

The Seed of Division

Where there is comparison, there is division.
The moment I measure myself against you—your success, your talent, your beauty, your strength—I separate myself from you. This separation breeds envy, jealousy, resentment. And resentment soon turns into aggression.

Violence begins not on the battlefield but in the mind. It begins in the small wound of comparison.

The seed of violence
is sown in the glance
that measures you against me.
A small wound festers,
and soon it becomes
the cry of conflict.

Ambition and Aggression

Comparison creates ambition: the urge to surpass another, to climb higher, to dominate. Out of ambition comes rivalry. Rivalry, whether in business, politics, or religion, is the subtle form of violence. It may wear the mask of discipline or

competition, but its root is the same: the desire to be more at the cost of another.

When ambition is thwarted, it breeds frustration; frustration then erupts as anger, hatred, and brutality.

I compare,
and I want more.
I want to rise,
to be above,
to stand apart.
But in the climb
I trample another,
and call it progress.

Comparison in Nations and Religions

Just as individuals compare, so do groups, communities, and nations. One race claims superiority over another. One religion proclaims itself the only truth. One nation boasts of greater power. From such collective comparison comes the violence of war, persecution, and oppression.

When a nation says “We are stronger, we must dominate,” it is the same movement as the child who says “I must be better than my brother.” The scale is different, but the root is the same.

The child compares in school,
the nation compares in war.
Both are born
of the same mind—
a mind that cannot see
the beauty of what is,
but seeks always to be more.

The Ending of Violence

To end violence at its root, one must see the futility of comparison. To compare is to deny what one is; it is to escape from the fact into an ideal. And wherever there is escape, there is conflict.

The ending of comparison is not stagnation. It is the flowering of each human being in his wholeness, without envy, without rivalry. In that flowering there is no violence, for there is no measure, no higher and lower, no superior and inferior.

When the mind ceases to measure,
violence ends.
When the heart sees without envy,
there is peace.
The tree does not compare itself
with the flower,
yet both flower in beauty.
So too can man
flower without violence.

- Comparison is division, and division is conflict.
- Out of comparison grow ambition, rivalry, and aggression.
- Nations and religions carry the same violence as individuals when they compare.
- Only in the ending of comparison is there peace, innocence, and wholeness.

***

When the movement of comparison is seen as the root of fear, corruption, and violence, the mind naturally asks: If not comparison, then what? If not ambition and becoming, then where lies the true wealth of life?

The ending of comparison is not emptiness—it is the beginning of a richness that cannot be measured. A mind free from envy and rivalry discovers a stillness that is not cultivated. In that stillness lies real abundance, a treasure untouched by time.

When comparison ends,
fear falls away,
corruption has no root,
violence has no soil.

But the mind asks,
if not this restless becoming,
what is the true wealth of life?

The ending of envy
is not emptiness—
it is fullness.
The ending of rivalry
is not poverty—
it is richness untold.

In the stillness of the mind
lies the real treasure,
in the quiet heart
the true abundance of life.

The Nature of True Richness

Man has pursued outward wealth for centuries—palaces, power, position, and possessions. Yet behind this pursuit lies a deep poverty of mind: fear, comparison, and loneliness. We think richness lies in accumulation, but accumulation breeds disorder.

Real richness is not in what we possess, but in what we are. A still mind, a tranquil mind, is richer than all the treasures

of the world. It is in such stillness that compassion flowers, love awakens, and life becomes whole.

Palaces may shine,
but they cast shadows.
Gold may glitter,
but it cannot quiet the heart.

Real Richness Lies in Stillness

- The mind that is tranquil is whole in itself.
- In quietness lies compassion and intelligence.

Real wealth
is not counted in coins,
but in silence.
A tranquil mind
is a treasure
untouched by time.

- When thought ends, silence is vibrant and alive.
- The inwardly rich are free from the corruption of possession.

You don't need outward richness;
you need a still mind.
From that stillness
flows love,
from that quietness
flows compassion.

***

Stillness and energy:

A mind that is restless, caught in desire, ambition, and comparison, is always in conflict. Every movement of such a mind creates friction, because it is driven by resistance, by

fear, by the urge to become something. This friction wastes energy; it leads either to restless activity or to indolence, to feverish struggle or to stagnation.

But when the mind is still—naturally, not by discipline or suppression—it moves without friction. Stillness does not mean inertia; it is not laziness; it is not sleep. On the contrary, it is a state of great vitality and alertness.

The still mind has no resistance, no division. It does not push against itself, nor does it struggle to become something other than what it is. Therefore, its movement is effortless, like a river flowing freely to the sea. In that movement there is tremendous energy, clarity, and order.

***

Beyond Comparison

It is thought that brings division into life. Thought measures, and in measurement arises beauty and ugliness, success and failure, the high and the low. One man is praised, another despised. One is called rich, another poor. Without this movement of thought, such opposites do not exist.

The tree is neither beautiful nor ugly; it simply is. The mountain does not stand as high or low; it simply stands. The river does not boast of richness or complain of poverty; it simply flows. These divisions are inventions of the comparing mind, conditioned by centuries of habit and culture.

When the mind is free of the operation of thought, there is no judgment, no measure, no opposite. There is only direct perception, in which life is whole, indivisible. In that wholeness lies a sacredness which is beyond beauty and

ugliness, beyond the rich and the poor. It is a perception untouched by thought, and therefore incorruptible.

Poem

When thought is silent,
there is no beauty, no ugliness,
no rich, no poor,
no high, no low.

It is thought that invents measurement,
dividing the world into fragments,
calling one face fair, another unworthy,
making one man noble, another insignificant.

The tree does not say, I am beautiful.
The mountain does not whisper, I am great.
The river does not compare itself
with the sea.

When comparison ends,
judgment falls away.
What remains is wholeness—
a seeing untouched by opposites,
a sacredness beyond measure.

***

Learning Without Comparison, Living Without Hurt

When one is deeply hurt, the mind recoils and builds a wall around itself. That wall takes many shapes—anger, resentment, withdrawal, or the desire to hurt another. Behind it lies fear: the fear of being wounded again. The hurt itself is the image we have built about ourselves being touched,

pierced, questioned. The “me” that says I am this, I must be that, is the very thing that gets hurt.

So, the real question is not how to avoid being hurt, but whether it is possible to live without forming an image at all. When there is no image of “what I am” or “what I should be,” what can be hurt? We are so accustomed to being hurt that we have accepted it as part of living—as something inevitable, like aging or death. But hurt is not natural; it is born of illusion. The illusion is that the “me,” the psychological structure of name, memory, and experience, is real and needs protection. Once you see that the “me” is a bundle of memories held by thought, the wound begins to heal instantly, for there is no one left to be wounded.

When the mind carries hurt, every relationship becomes distorted. We look at others not as they are, but through the screen of what they did or said to us. To live without hurt is to live without that screen—to meet every person and every moment afresh. That freshness is innocence, and in that innocence, there is love.

Our education, our upbringing, our society—all glorify comparison. From childhood we are told: Be better than him, outdo her, climb higher, achieve more. In that race, love disappears, and learning becomes imitation. Where there is comparison, there is fear; and where there is fear, there can be no intelligence. To learn is not to conform to a pattern; it is to discover. Learning is a living movement, not a mechanical accumulation. You learn about yourself, about mathematics, about a flower or a human being, only when the mind is curious, unafraid to see what is. True learning is possible only when the mind is free from the pressure to become something.

Perhaps education, if it were truly sane, would begin there—not with competition or comparison, but with understanding oneself. The teacher would not merely pass on information but awaken intelligence—the capacity to observe, to question, to see directly. In such learning, there is neither the superior nor the inferior, neither success nor failure, only the movement of discovery.

To look at life non-mechanistically is to observe without the framework of reward and punishment, success and failure. The machine operates through cause and effect; it moves from memory. But life is never fixed; it is constantly new. To live non-mechanistically is to meet each moment without the residue of yesterday.

Are you aware of your habits—the way you walk, eat, speak, and react? Such awareness is not condemnation; it is simple seeing. In that seeing, habits lose their hold, for awareness itself is freedom.

Why do we compare? Because in comparison we think we find security: we measure ourselves to know who we are. But measurement breeds envy, and envy breeds endless struggle. The mind that compares can never love, for love has no measure.

Why do we make an image of ourselves? Because we seek continuity, something permanent in a world of change. But the image is dead; it cannot meet the living. The moment you see the falseness of this image-making, it ends—not through effort or discipline, but through perception.

To live without comparison is to end violence at its root. To learn without fear is to flower in intelligence. To look at life without the machinery of the past is to live in compassion—

not as an idea, but as a living flame. Then relationship becomes real, learning becomes joy, and life ceases to be a battle of becoming. In that freedom there is the beauty of living without hurt, without comparison, without fear— where awareness is light, and that light is love.

***

We are so accustomed to being hurt that we have accepted it as part of living — as something inevitable, like aging or death. But hurt is not natural; it is born of illusion. The illusion is that the "me" — the image, the psychological structure of name, memory, experience — is real and needs protection. Once you see that the "me" is a bundle of memories held by thought, the wound begins to heal instantly, for there is no one left to be wounded.

You see, when the mind carries hurt, every relationship becomes distorted. We then look at others not as they are, but through the screen of what they did or said to us. To live without hurt is to live without that screen — to meet every moment, every person, afresh. That freshness is innocence.

And perhaps education, if it were truly sane, would begin there — not with comparison or competition, but with the understanding of oneself. The teacher would not merely pass on information, but awaken intelligence — the capacity to observe, to question, to see directly. In such learning, there is neither the superior nor the inferior, neither success nor failure, only the movement of discovery.

To live without comparison is to end violence at its root. To learn without fear is to flower in intelligence. And to look at life without the machinery of the past is to live in compassion — not as an idea, but as a living flame.

Would you like me to reshape this continuation into a poetic meditative reflection that flows with the earlier prose — as you've been doing for your upcoming Echoes of Awareness series?

The Ending of Hurt

When one is deeply hurt,
the heart builds a wall—
a fortress of anger,
a quiet withdrawal,
a wish to wound before being wounded.
Behind it lies fear—
the fear of being touched again.

The hurt is the image—
the "me" that says I am this, I must be that.
If there is no image,
what can be hurt?
When the illusion of the "me" is seen,
the wound heals by itself,
for there is no one left to carry it.

We live through screens of memory,
through what others said or did,
and call that relationship.
To live without the screen
is to meet each moment new—
that freshness is innocence,
and in that innocence, love flowers.

From childhood, we are taught to compare—
to be brighter, quicker, higher than another.
Thus begins the race of becoming

where love disappears
and learning turns mechanical.
Where there is comparison, there is fear;
and where there is fear, there is no intelligence.

Learning is not becoming;
it is discovering—
not the repetition of knowledge,
but the wonder of seeing what is.
When the mind is free of fear and reward,
learning becomes joy.

To live non-mechanically
is to see without the dust of yesterday,
without the motive of gain or loss.
Life then is not a pattern to be followed,
but a movement ever new.

Are you aware of your habits—
the way you walk, speak, think, react?
To watch without judgment
is to be free.
Awareness itself dissolves the chain.

Why do we compare?
Because we hope to find identity in measure.
But measurement breeds envy,
and envy breeds sorrow.
Love has no measure.

Why do we build an image of ourselves?
Because we crave continuity
in a world of constant change.
But the image is dead;
it cannot meet the living.

Seeing this is the ending of image-making.

To live without comparison
is to end violence at its root.
To learn without fear
is to awaken intelligence.
To live without the machinery of the past
is to live in compassion—
not as an idea,
but as a living flame.

Then there is no hurt,
no higher, no lower—
only awareness,
and that awareness is love.

*****

The Weight of Because

If I say, “I love you because you are kind, because you comfort me, because you fulfil my needs,” then what I call love is merely a transaction—an exchange of qualities that satisfy me. The word because becomes the chain that binds affection to a reason, and where reason operates, love becomes calculation. It is not love; it is desire seeking continuity; it is attachment wearing a sacred name.

Love has no cause.
The moment there is a cause, the flower withers; its fragrance is already lost. Love is like the sky—vast, unmeasured, without a centre. It does not arise from memory, nor is it sustained by thought. When love depends on the image you have of another, it is that image which is loved, not the living human being.

Similarly, if I am afraid, and I take shelter in belief—in God, in an ideal, in a guru, in a comforting theory—I may feel protected, but protection is not freedom.
It is merely the covering of fear with a soothing blanket. The fear remains, hidden, waiting; perhaps asleep, but never ended. Belief becomes a refuge to avoid facing fear directly. So long as there is escape, fear will continue.

To be free of fear through faith is still to be tied to fear, because your freedom depends on something outside you. What depends on a cause can be taken away; therefore, it is not true freedom. You are merely replacing one form of dependence with another.

Freedom from fear is not born from resistance or suppression.
It is not born from analysis, nor from will.
It comes only when fear is understood directly—without motive, without the urge to overcome it. The moment there

is a motive— “I must be free in order to be peaceful, to be rewarded, to be spiritual”—that very motive springs from fear. Then you are not free; you are only pursuing another form of safety.

Freedom is to be free of fear and of the desire to be free.
That is the subtlety.

When the mind sees this fact clearly—not as an idea, not as a conclusion—there is an ending of fear. Only in such a state can love exist. Love and fear cannot live together; where fear is, love is not.

And this freedom is not cultivated.
It is not a result.
It is not tomorrow.
It is in the instant of seeing—seeing the whole movement of fear without choosing, judging, or escaping.

Then in that choiceless awareness, fear dissolves.
What remains is love—unpremeditated, unbound, without motive.
This alone is sacred.

Poem

If I love you because
you are gentle,
because you soothe my aching heart,
because you make me feel safe—
then I do not love you.
I love the comfort you bring,
the image I have woven,
the story that shelters my loneliness.

Love, when born of reason,
is only a shadow of itself—

a flower trimmed to fit a vase,
its fragrance already dying.

True love has no root in memory;
it springs from silence,
from a mind unburdened by desire.
It asks nothing,
holds nothing,
seeks nothing.

So also, with fear—
I may whisper God's name
and feel protected,
hide beneath the wing of belief
and think myself free.
But freedom bought from faith
is still a bargain with fear;
the fear remains,
quiet, unseen,
waiting.

To throw fear into the arms of an idea
is to cage it,
not end it.
Where there is dependence,
there cannot be freedom;
the chain is only gilded,
not broken.

Freedom is not the cry,
"I shall conquer fear!"
for that very urgency
is born of fear.
Freedom is the seeing—
pure, unmoving—
of fear as it is,
without fleeing,
without naming,

without a motive to be free.

In that clear flame of attention
fear burns away,
and what remains
is the vastness of love—
without cause,
without boundary,
as open as the morning sky.

Only there
in the unmeasured space
where the heart has no anchor,
no reason,
love blooms—
a light unto itself.

***

Question:

Sir, you said that if I love someone because, then it is not love.
What does that mean?

Answer:

When you say, “I love you because you are kind, because you understand me,”
the because becomes the reason, the anchor.
Remove the reason and what remains?
If the cause goes, the love ends—
therefore, it was never love.

Question:

Then what was it?

Answer:

A transaction—
my pleasure in exchange for your comfort.
Thought dresses it in noble words.
But love cannot be measured;
it has no justification.
It simply is.

Question:

So, love has no motive?

Answer:

None.
Where there is motive, there is direction;
where there is direction, there is desire;
where there is desire, there is the self.
Love is not born of the self.

Question:

And fear?
If I have faith in God and therefore no fear, is that not freedom?

Answer:

When you lean on belief,
it gives you the illusion of safety;
but that is still dependence.
The object may be noble—
a God, a sacred book, a noble ideal—
but dependence is fear.
If the prop is shaken, fear returns.

Question:

So, belief only covers fear?

Answer:

Exactly.
Like covering a wound with silk—
the pain remains.
Freedom is not a movement away from fear,
not an escape into an idea.
It is the ending of fear.

Question:

How does fear end?

Answer:

By meeting it wholly—
without motive to conquer it,
without the urge to be rid of it.
When you desire freedom from fear,
that very desire is born of fear.
So, the root remains.

Question:

Then what must one do?

Answer:

Observe.
Look at fear without naming it,
without judging, without running.
In that choiceless seeing
the movement of fear uncoils,
and naturally comes to an end.

Question:

And in that ending, is there love?

Answer:

Where fear is not,
there is love.
Not love for something,
not love because of something—
but love without measure,
like the sky that holds the stars
and asks nothing in return.

Question:

That is beautiful, sir.

Answer:

Beauty is there
when the mind is utterly still—
when love is without cause
and freedom has no opposite.

*****

The Dissolution of the Self and Choiceless awareness in daily life

What is the "self"?

Krishnamurti uses the word "self" or "me" to refer to:

- Accumulated memories
- Psychological knowledge
- Images we have about ourselves and others
- Beliefs, opinions, conclusions
- Desires, fears, ambitions

This self is a movement of thought, seeking continuity.
It is not a spiritual essence but a bundle of memories projected into the future.

"The self is put together by thought."

Why must the self dissolve?

The self gives rise to:

- Conflict
- Fear
- Comparison
- Isolation
- Sorrow

Because it is always becoming—trying to be more, to achieve, to protect—
it lives in time: what I was, what I will be.

So long as the self operates, the mind cannot know peace or love;
it remains caught in fragmentation.

“Where the self is, there is no love.”

How does dissolution happen?

Not by will, discipline, ideals, or method.

All techniques are projections of thought and only strengthen the self.

Krishnamurti says:

- You cannot destroy the self
- Trying to get rid of the self strengthens it
- Any effort to become something is still the self

So, the question is not How to end it?
but can the self be seen clearly in operation?

The ending of the self takes place when:

- Its structure is seen totally
- Without choice, resistance, or justification

This seeing itself is the ending.

“To see the false as the false is the beginning of truth.”

Awakening of choiceless awareness

Choiceless awareness arises when the mind:

- Observes without preference
- Sees without condemning or comparing
- Pays attention to every movement of thought and feeling

There is no center from which we observe.
No observer separate from the observed.

Awareness is not:

- Concentration
- Analysis
- Control

It is an effortless watching.

“In awareness there is no choice. Choice exists only when there is confusion.”

Daily life: How does it express?

Choiceless awareness is not separate from ordinary living.

It appears when:

- We watch anger as it arises—not suppressing, not expressing
- We observe desire without pursuing or condemning it
- We see fear without seeking to escape

In this watching:

- Anger, fear, desire reveal themselves
- Their movement ends naturally
- No action from will

This is insight—a direct seeing that transforms.

“When you are aware of your thoughts and feelings as they arise, without judgment, that very awareness ends them.”

The observer is the observed

“The observer is the observed.”

Meaning:

- The one who watches anger is anger.
- The thinker is thought.
- There is no separate controller.

Seeing this truth ends the conflict between:

- The observer who tries to change
- The observed that is to be changed

This non-division is the dissolution of the self.

No becoming

The self thrives on "becoming":

I will be better tomorrow; I will conquer fear later.

This postponement is the continuity of the self.

When becoming ends, there is only what is.

To see what is clearly is transformation.

Silence and stillness

When the self is not operating,

- The mind is quiet without effort
- Silence is not cultivated—it is natural

In that silence:

- Intelligence flowers
- Love is present
- Action is whole

This is awakening.

In summary

Dissolution of self

Happens through:

- Direct perception of its movement
- Without resistance, justification, and condemnation

Not through:

- Will
- Effort
- Authority
- Method

Choiceless awareness

- Observing inward and outward life without choice
- Seeing that the observer is the observed
- Brings an effortless silence
- In which the self has no ground

Daily life

This awareness meets everyday experience—
anger, criticism, desire, fear—
with clarity.

In that seeing, the self withers.

Poem

When the mind looks
without the shadow of becoming,
without the whisper of comparison,
the “me” fades
like mist under the morning sun.

In that clarity

there is only seeing—
pure, unpremeditated.

Where the seer is not,
love is.

***

Question:

Sir, you say the dissolution of the self is essential for freedom.
Could you again explain what the self is — and show how it operates in daily life?

Answer:

Yes.
Let us look at ourselves carefully.

The self is the center made of thought —
your memories, experiences, hurts, beliefs,
your ambitions, fears, longings, opinions.

It is the image you have about yourself:
“I am a doctor,”
“I am important,”
“I am clever,”
“I am nobody,”
and so on.

This structure is built by thought over time —
the past projecting itself into the future.
That is the me, the self.

Question:

Can you show how this appears in ordinary life?

Answer:

Of course.
Someone at home says something sharp —
your partner criticizes you,
your child contradicts you,
your neighbour ignores you.

Immediately there is a reaction:
you feel hurt, angry, defensive.
Who is hurt?
Not the body —
it is the image you have about yourself.

That image — that center —
is the self, the "me."

Or take another instance:
You compare your career with another's —
you feel inferior or superior.
That comparison strengthens the self.

So, the self is not something mystical;
it is working everywhere —
in the kitchen, office, traffic, temple, market.

Question:

You have said that where the self is, there is conflict.
Why?

Answer:

Because the self is always comparing, protecting, becoming.
At work, you want recognition;
at home, you want control;
in society, you want status;
in religion, you want salvation.

This movement creates division —
“you” and “me,”
“My belief” and “your belief.”

Where there is division,
there must be conflict.

For example, you have an opinion,
your spouse has another.
Each defends; conflict begins.
It is the “me” fighting “you.”

Question:

How does the self dissolve?
Can one end it?

Answer:

There is no method.
The moment you ask “how,”
you seek a system to achieve a result —
and the one who practices the method
is still the self.

The ending of the self
is in seeing it operate —
from moment to moment —
without judgment, without suppression,
without escape.

Question:

Could you give an example of this seeing?

Answer:

Yes.

Someone insults you.
Immediately anger arises.
Ordinarily what happens?
You suppress it,
or express it,
or justify it.

But if you simply watch —
without condemning,
without saying “I must not,”
without trying to control —
you are aware of the movement of anger.

In this pure observation,
the division between observer and anger ends.
You are not separate from anger;
you are anger.

When there is no division,
anger slows,
reveals its nature,
and ends.

That ending is the dissolution of the self.

Question:

So, awareness is enough?

Answer:

Choiceless awareness — yes.
It is seeing without preference.

Take desire.
You walk by a shop;
you see a beautiful phone.
Desire begins.
Immediately the self is at work:
“How will I get it?
If I can’t have it, I feel frustrated;
if I do have it, I fear losing it.”

If you watch the movement of desire —
the seeing, the sensation,
the thought saying “I want,”
the imagining of possession —
you see the whole structure.

This complete seeing
ends desire’s psychological hold.

You may buy it or not —
that is irrelevant.
But inwardly,
there is no bondage.

Question:

What does “observer is the observed” mean
in daily life?

Answer:

The observer —
the one who watches anger —
is not separate from anger itself.
The watcher is made of thought.
Thought itself creates the anger
and then pretends to be separate from it
in order to control.

This division is illusion.

Example:
You say, “I must not be jealous.”
Who is the “I”?
Is it different from jealousy?
No — it is jealousy.
The thinker is thought.

Seeing this fact
ends the struggle between the two.
That ending is the ending of conflict.
This is the dissolution of the self.

Question:

How is choiceless awareness lived in daily life?

Answer:

It is lived when you are
aware of every movement of thought and feeling
— as they arise.

In conversation,
watch how you defend an opinion.
In family life,
see how you seek approval.
At work,
notice how you crave recognition.
When criticized,
observe the immediate tightening.

There is no judgment —
just observation.
Like watching a bird fly —

with interest, with care.

In that watchfulness
is intelligence,
is sensitivity.

Question:

What about fear?

Answer:

Fear is another movement of the self.
Observe it.

Say you worry about losing a job.
That fear arises from thought —
remembering past insecurity,
projecting future suffering.

If you watch that movement,
without escape —
not running to religion, guru, reassurances —
just watch —
you will see fear unfold itself.
Seeing the whole of it
is the ending of fear.

Fear ends not through courage
but through understanding.

Question:

Can you give an example of hurt?

Answer:

Someone said something cruel years ago.
That memory remains —
you carry it.
The one who is hurt
is the image you have about yourself.

Observe that image.
See how it demands respect,
how it is frightened of being wounded again.

Watch it —
without trying to heal,
without trying to forget.
Just watch.

In that watching,
the image loses its vitality.
It fades.
The self behind the image dissolves.

Then there is no psychological scar.

Question:

And silence?

Answer:

When the self ends,
the mind becomes naturally quiet —
not controlled,
not forced.

In that silence,
there is intelligence,
love,

and action without division.

That silence is not withdrawal.
It expresses itself
in relationship,
in compassion,
in clarity.

Question:

Does this awareness change our daily actions?

Answer:

Completely.

When the self is not,
there is no fear to act rightly.
A mind that sees clearly
does not calculate,
does not seek advantage.

Its action is whole —
not divided by motive.

For example,
If you help someone
because it gives you satisfaction,
fear of losing reputation,
desire to appear “good”—
that action is corrupted by the self.

But if there is no self,
action is pure.
There is love.

Question:

Is this state permanent?

Answer:

Do not think in terms of permanence.
The moment you say “permanent,”
you have brought in time —
and time is the self.

There is only the moment of seeing.
In that seeing,
there is freedom.

If thought returns,
watch it again.
The watching itself is the ending.

Question:

Is this enlightenment?

Answer:

Do not label it.
The word is not the thing.
To seek enlightenment
is to continue the self.

When the self is not,
what is —
is beyond name.

Summary

- The self is the movement of thought: memories, desires, fears, images.
- It operates daily — in anger, jealousy, comparison, hurt, fear.
- Choiceless awareness is observing these movements without judgment or control.
- The observer is not separate from what is observed — the thinker is thought.
- Seeing this fact directly ends inner conflict.
- The self dissolves through insight, not through method or discipline.
- When the self ends, there is silence, love, intelligence expressing in daily life.

*****

When the seeker ends

Truth is not something to be sought after, because the very movement of seeking is born out of desire, and desire is the projection of thought. When the mind says, “I want to find truth,” it is really saying, “I want to find something that will give me security, comfort, or certainty.” This movement, though it appears noble, is still rooted in fear and craving — the very essence of pettiness.

A mind that is ambitious — whether for worldly success or spiritual attainment — is a mind that measures. It compares, competes, and imitates. Such a mind is caught in the field of time, endlessly becoming something. But truth is not within the field of becoming; it is not the result of evolution, effort, or accumulation. The mind that is envious, fearful, ambitious, is occupied with itself — its own image, its own continuity. How can such a mind, bound within its own shadow, ever perceive what is infinite?

To discover truth, the mind must be still — not made still by discipline, control, or suppression, but still because it sees the futility of all its movement. When the mind realizes that all its searching, all its conclusions, all its philosophies are born of thought — and that thought itself is limited — then there is silence. In that silence, there is no seeker, no search, no goal.

Truth is not to be found through effort; it comes when there is total freedom from the known. The mind that has emptied itself of ambition, envy, and fear — not through will but through understanding — is no longer petty. In that

emptiness, truth is. It was never lost; it was merely veiled by the noise of the seeker.

***

Question: Sir, you often say that truth is not something to be sought after. But how can one understand truth without searching for it? Isn't seeking essential to discovery?

Answer: What do you mean by seeking? When you seek, you already have a motive, haven't you? You want to find something that will give you comfort, certainty, or permanence. The very movement of seeking carries within it the seed of desire. And desire projects what it wishes to find — a God, an ideal, a system, an image. That which is projected is not truth; it is merely your own shadow stretched by thought.

Question: But without searching, how can one even begin? The world is full of confusion. Shouldn't we try to find what is true amidst all this disorder?

Answer: Can disorder find order? Or must the mind see disorder as it is — without escaping from it, without trying to become orderly? The petty, ambitious, envious mind — the mind that wants success, recognition, enlightenment — is itself the root of disorder. Such a mind cannot possibly discover what is beyond its own limits. Whatever it thinks, imagines, or speculates will still be small, narrow, conditioned.

Question: Then what is one to do?

Answer: See the whole movement of the mind — the craving to become, to achieve, to compare. To see it without condemnation, without justification. In that seeing, the mind becomes quiet — not because it has been forced to be still, but because it understands the futility of its own noise. This quietness is not cultivated; it is natural when the mind is no longer seeking an end.

Question: So, truth comes when the mind is still?

Answer: It is not that the mind becomes still to find truth. That would again be a motive, a trick of thought. When the mind sees that all its searching, all its conclusions are born of time, it ceases to seek. Then there is silence — not the silence of suppression, but the silence that comes when the observer has ended. In that silence, truth is. You do not seek it; it is there, like the vast sky that no hand can grasp.

Poem

You cannot seek the sun with a candle,
nor reach the ocean with a cup.
The seeker's hand shapes the path he walks,
and the shape is small — the size of his desire.

The petty mind builds temples of thought,
offering prayers to its own shadow.
It names the shadow truth,
and bows to the echo of its longing.

But truth is not in the shrine of becoming,
not in the smoke of ambition,

not in the mirror of envy.
It is in the space between thoughts —
where no motive hides,
where seeing is pure, untouched by will.

When the mind, weary of its own noise,
no longer measures or compares,
then silence blooms —
not cultivated, but innocent.

In that stillness,
where the seeker is not,
truth shines —
not found,
but forever there.

***

The mind that seeks truth is like a man running after his own shadow; the faster he runs, the farther the shadow moves. Seeking implies a movement away from "what is" toward "what should be." But truth is not the opposite of falsehood — it is not something to be reached by denying or escaping what is. Truth flowers only in direct perception, when the mind is no longer escaping into ideals or projections.

The very act of seeking contains within it the seed of illusion, for the seeker and the sought are born from the same thought. The mind says, "I must find truth." But who is the I? It is the bundle of memories, experiences, and fears — the conditioned past. Whatever that mind touches, whatever it imagines or formulates, is still tainted by the known. Thus,

all its gods, philosophies, and ideals are extensions of its own limitation.

When the mind sees this clearly — not as an idea but as an actuality — the seeking drops away. There is no longer a traveller, no path, and no destination. In that ending of movement born of desire, a different quality of awareness comes into being — an awareness that is not bound by time, comparison, or motive.

Truth is not a reward, not an attainment. It is there when the mind is utterly simple, when thought has seen its own limitation and fallen silent. That silence is not cultivated; it comes naturally when the machinery of becoming ends. Then, without invitation, truth reveals itself — not as something to be possessed, but as the very essence of being, unnameable, measureless, whole.

***

Enlightenment

To know oneself is the beginning and the end of enlightenment.
Not the enlightenment promised by the scriptures, nor the one imagined beyond the hills of time—but the illumination that comes when the mind looks directly at itself.

We are the result of centuries of experience, tradition, and memory. The self is a bundle of words, images, fears, and hopes. As long as the mind seeks enlightenment as something outside itself, it merely continues the movement of becoming—the same movement that breeds conflict and sorrow.

But when the mind begins to observe itself—its motives, its desires, its contradictions—without condemnation or justification, a strange thing happens. The observer and the observed are no longer two; there is only awareness of what is. In that simple seeing, the whole structure of the "me" begins to dissolve.

Enlightenment is not at the end of a journey; it is in the ending of the journey—the ending of accumulation, of psychological becoming. It is the light that shines when the mind is still, when thought has understood its own limitation.

To know oneself is to see the movement of the world within oneself—for the world is you. And in that perception, without choice or motive, there is an awakening that is not of time. That is enlightenment—not something attained, but something revealed when the self is silent.

Poem

Enlightenment is not beyond the hills,
nor hidden in temples of silence.
It is here—
in the quiet seeing of oneself.

Not the self of name and form,
but the restless stream of thought,
the shadow of desire,
the ache of becoming.

To watch without choice,
without reaching or resisting—

is to let truth flower.
In that stillness,
the seeker and the sought dissolve.

There is no path to light,
for the light is the seeing itself.
When the mind is clear of time,
the known ends—
and what is sacred begins.

Enlightenment is not found—
it is uncovered
when the self no longer darkens the flame
of simple awareness.

*****

Immoral Society

Society tells you: reach the top, succeed at any cost.
It whispers that you are born for a cause,
that you must climb higher than others,
tread upon them, if necessary,
compete, accumulate,
be rich at the cost of another's poverty,
leave behind more property for your children,
and carve your name into fame.

This is what society honours—
ambition, competition, greed, and possession.
And we, being part of society,
accept this pattern as natural,
never questioning its corruption.

But to live in such a way is to live in sickness.
For a society that worships comparison and success
is an immoral society.
It destroys love,
it destroys relationship,
it breeds envy, division, and endless conflict.

And you are that society,
not separate from it.
The corruption is not only outside—
it is within the movement of thought,
within the self that craves to become.

As long as the self seeks power,
there can be no peace.
As long as thought builds the "me,"
there is conflict on the earth.

But when the illusion is seen—
the illusion of the self,

the futility of becoming—
then a new order flowers.

Not the order of law,
nor the order of discipline,
but the order born of awareness,
the silence of compassion,
the wholeness of life.

The futility of becoming

Life's problem lies in becoming.
From childhood we are told to become something — to be better than what we are, to climb higher, to achieve, to succeed. Comparison is at the root of this movement. You are measured against another, against an ideal, against what you were yesterday or what you hope to be tomorrow.

This endless becoming breeds conflict. To say, I must be like him, I must not be what I am, I must arrive at that goal, is to live in perpetual struggle. The "better" is always in the future, and the present is never enough. Out of this grows envy, fear, ambition, and despair.

But is there not another way of living — not in the shadow of comparison, not in the drive of becoming, but in the clarity of being? When the mind sees the futility of comparison, it ceases to measure itself. Then life is no longer a ladder to climb, but a flower that blossoms in its own fragrance, in its own season.

To be free of becoming is not to stagnate. On the contrary, it is only in the ending of comparison that there is true growth — not toward an image, not toward an ideal, but as a movement of wholeness, of intelligence flowering naturally.

Poem

Life's burden is in becoming—
always reaching,
always measuring,
always comparing one shadow with another.

From childhood we are taught:
be better, climb higher,
be what you are not.
So, the mind runs in circles,
chasing the image of tomorrow,
despising the truth of today.

In comparison is envy,
in becoming is fear.
The "more" is never enough,
and the "less" is always condemned.

But when the mind sees the futility
of this endless measuring,
there is a stopping.
In that stillness
life is not a ladder to climb
but a flower unfolding—
complete in its own fragrance,
whole in its own season.

True growth is not toward an ideal
but in the ending of comparison.
Then there is no becoming,
only being—
and in being,
a beauty beyond measure.

***

The Corruption of Society

Look around and you will see how society is being shaped. The media, the schools, the politicians, the religions — all tell you what is important: to succeed, to be rich, to wield power, to become famous, to follow a flag, to belong to a group. They praise glamour, competition, division, and call it virtue. But in truth, it is immorality.

This constant glorification of success and ambition strengthens the illusion of the self. The self says, I must be more than others, I must be secure in my possessions, I must leave behind a name and property for my children, I must belong to something greater than myself. And in that pursuit, man is destroying not only his own heart but also the earth.

The society is not separate from us. We are the society, and the society is us. The corruption we see outside is born of our own desires, fears, and comparisons. The world is violent because we are violent. The world is divided because we cling to division within ourselves.

Without awareness of this whole process — without seeing how thought builds the self and how the self is endlessly aggrandised through power, patriotism, wealth, and success — there can be no peace. To worship the self, whether personal or collective, is to sow destruction.

But when there is choiceless awareness of this movement, when the illusion of becoming is seen clearly, then there is an ending. In that ending lies a new order — not the order of conformity, but the order that comes with compassion, with love, with the perception of truth. Only in such awareness can the earth be cared for, only then is there a life that is sane and whole.

Poem

Society praises success,
the glitter of wealth,
the glamour of power,
the division of nations,
the intoxication of fame.
Media repeats the chorus,
schools echo the refrain,
and we accept it as natural.

But this is immorality—
to climb over another,
to worship the flag,
to compete in envy,
to call division virtue.

The self feeds on this praise.
It says: I must be more,
I must possess,
I must belong,
I must leave a name behind.
In that pursuit,
man destroys his heart,
and he destroys the earth.

We are the society,
and society is us.
Its corruption is born of our desire,
our fear,
our endless comparisons.
The world is violent
because we are violent.
The world is divided
because we are divided.

Without awareness
this illusion grows,
and the self spreads its shadow
over the earth.

But when there is seeing—
choiceless, silent, whole—
the movement of becoming ends.
Then a new order flowers,
not of law,
not of discipline,
but of compassion,
of love,
of truth.

Only then
can the earth be cared for,
only then
is life sane,
whole,
and sacred.

In glorifying the self, man destroys the earth.
What society praises is often the seed of corruption.
We are the society; its violence is our own.
Where the self rules, love cannot be.
The earth suffers because man worships illusion.
When the self is worshipped, the earth withers.
In the shadow of ambition, love does not bloom.
What man calls glory, life calls destruction.
Society's virtue is often organized corruption.
Where the self is, truth is not.

***

We Are the Society

We often think of society as something vast, complex, and far removed from our personal lives—an external structure governed by leaders, laws, and institutions. But if we look closely, society is nothing more than the outcome of human

relationships, desires, fears, and ambitions. It is the accumulated movement of human thought through centuries.

What we are inwardly—greedy, envious, ambitious, fearful—has flowed outward and taken the form of corruption, violence, and disorder. To condemn society without understanding ourselves is to miss the essence. The society is not separate from us; we are the society.

Therefore, any true revolution must begin in the mind and heart of the individual. Without a radical transformation in ourselves, no outer change—however well-intentioned—can bring about order or peace. This is the central truth: you are the world, and the world is you.

The Society We Condemn Is Ourselves

We look at the world and say: "It is corrupt, it is violent, it is unjust." But the world is not apart from us. It is the projection of what we are—our greed, our fear, our ambition, our search for power and security.

Our parents and their parents before them have created this society. Each generation has added its own desires, divisions, and illusions. Out of this accumulation has come the social order—fragmented, confused, and corrupt.

We think of society as something external, but in truth, society is not separate from us. You are the society; you are the world.

Poem

The world you see outside
is the image of your own mind.
You condemn corruption,
yet in your own heart
lies the seed of it.

You condemn violence,
yet anger whispers within you.
You are the world,
and the world is you.

The Futility of Mere Reform

We place our hope in politics, in leaders, in revolutions. We say: “Change the laws, replace the rulers, form a new order.” But all this remains within the same pattern. One party replaces another, one ideology follows another, yet the basic structure of greed, envy, and competition remains untouched.

The outer cannot be fundamentally changed without a radical change in the inner. Reforms may adjust the surface, but they do not touch the root. And the root is the self—the “me” with all its divisions, fears, and desires.

Poem

You may paint the walls,
but the foundation is cracked.
You may replace the leader,
but the mind of ambition remains.
You may pass new laws,
but envy and fear
still govern the heart.
Without inner change,
outer reform is illusion.

Society is nothing but the network of relationships between human beings. If in our relationships there is jealousy, possessiveness, fear, then society will reflect that. If in our relationships there is compassion, clarity, and love, then society will be transformed.

The world is not separate from the way you live with your wife, your neighbour, your colleague. To see this is to see that the responsibility is immediate, not distant.

Poem

Society is the extension
of your daily life.
As you are with one,
so, you are with many.
The cruelty in the home
becomes the cruelty of nations.
The kindness in the heart
becomes the hope of mankind.

Real change is not gradual. It is not a matter of time. Time is postponement, and postponement is resistance. To say "I will slowly free myself of greed, of envy" is to continue in greed, in envy.

The radical change we speak of is immediate. It happens in the instant of perception, when the mind sees the truth without distortion. To see that comparison breeds fear, and in that very seeing, comparison ends. To see that division is conflict, and in that very seeing, division drops away.

This is not a matter of will, nor of discipline, nor of practice. It is the simplicity of seeing.

Poem

Truth is not in tomorrow,
truth is in the now.
To see without choice
is to end.
And in that ending
there is a new beginning.

The New Order

If we do not change deeply, society will continue as it is—violent, confused, fragmented. But if even a few human beings see the truth and live it, there begins a new order—not based on authority, not built on fear, but arising naturally from clarity.

That new order is born when the self ends. Out of that ending comes compassion, intelligence, and freedom. And that alone can bring about a world were man lives without corruption, without conflict, without sorrow.

The old order is the reflection
of the old mind.
The new order is not built—
it is born
when the old mind ends.

You are the world,
and the world is you.
When you change,
the world changes.

***

The Silence of Compromise

A woman knows her husband earns through wrong means. She sees it, she feels the weight of it. Yet, pressed by the demands of daily survival, by the needs of children, by the fear of insecurity, she remains silent. She may feel uneasy, even ashamed, but she endures — for the mind says, what choice have I?

This is not her problem alone; it is the problem of humanity. Society itself is built upon compromise — knowing what is false, but adjusting to it for comfort, for security, for

continuity. We see corruption around us, we see exploitation, injustice, violence; yet most of us remain silent, saying, I must live, I must not risk, I must not disturb the order that protects me.

But is that order true order? Or is it disorder masked by tradition and convenience? Silence in the face of wrong is not innocence; it is participation in corruption. Fear of insecurity binds us to what we know is false, and so we perpetuate it.

To see this fact is the beginning of responsibility. Real survival is not merely to feed the body while poisoning the mind. True survival is to live in truth, without division, without compromise.

When there is awareness of this whole movement — fear, dependence, silence, and the rationalizations of thought — there comes a different action. Not rebellion born of anger, not adjustment born of fear, but action springing from clarity. And in that clarity, compromise ends and there is dignity and simplicity that no corruption can touch.

Poem

She knows her husband's earnings
come through wrong means.
She feels the weight of it,
but for daily survival,
for the children,
for security,
she remains silent.

This is not her burden alone;
it is the burden of humanity.
Society is woven of compromise—
knowing what is false,
yet adjusting to it
for comfort,

for safety,
for continuity.

We see corruption,
we see injustice,
we see exploitation—
yet we say,
I must live,
I must not risk,
I must not disturb
the order that protects me.

But is that order true order?
Or is it disorder
clothed in tradition
and convenience?

Silence before wrong
is not innocence.
It is participation in corruption.
Fear of insecurity
binds us to what we know is false,
and so, we perpetuate it.

To see this clearly
is the beginning of responsibility.
Real survival
is not only to feed the body
while poisoning the mind,
but to live in truth—
without compromise,
without division.

In awareness of this whole movement—
fear, dependence, silence,
and the excuses of thought—
a new action is born.
Not rebellion in anger,

not adjustment in fear,
but action from clarity.

And in that clarity
life has dignity,
simplicity,
and a beauty
untouched by corruption.

Silence before wrong is consent to it.
To adjust to falsehood is to live in corruption.
Fear binds man to what he knows is false.
True survival is to live in truth, not in compromise.
When compromise ends, dignity begins.
Silence before wrong is not innocence, it is the seed of corruption.
Fear binds us to falsehood; awareness alone sets us free.
To adjust to the lie is decay, to live in truth is dignity.
Where compromise ends, life flowers in clarity.

***

Some argue that for survival one must lie, deceive, or compromise. But is survival at the cost of truth truly survival? The body may continue, comfort may be secured, reputation may be preserved — but inwardly, what happens when one distorts reality? Each lie strengthens the illusion of the self, the "me" that seeks security in falsehood. That self is the very source of fear.

When you see this, the question changes: survival of what? The body has its natural intelligence; it needs food, shelter, and care. But when thought, out of fear, says "I must protect myself through lies," it is no longer the body that is surviving — it is the image of the self. And that image is an illusion.

To live in truth, even if it brings danger, is to live without division. A mind that is clear has no need of deception. In that

clarity there is an intelligence far greater than cunning. That intelligence itself is protection, because it acts without fear.

Poem

They say,
to survive you may lie,
to bend truth for a little safety.

But is it life
when the heart is divided,
when words betray what is?

The body asks only for bread,
for shelter,
for warmth.
It is thought that demands
to preserve its image
at any cost.

Each lie
feeds the shadow of the self,
and the self is the seed of fear.

To live in truth,
even if danger surrounds you,
is to live without burden,
without division.

In that clarity
is a protection
far greater than cunning.

***

Society permits alcohol and tobacco though it knows the damage they bring—not only to the individual who consumes them, but also to the passerby who may lose his

life to a drunken driver, to the family that suffers, to the community that bears the cost of disease. Why does society allow it? For revenue, for habit, for tradition. It is the sickness of society that sustains such destruction for the sake of income.

This justification is no different from the corrupt official who reasons: “If I remain honest, my colleague will still take the bribe and get the work done. So, what harm if I also take the bribe?” With such reasoning, corruption becomes the norm, not the exception. In the same way, society says: “These things will be sold anyway, people will consume them anyway, so let us profit from it.”

But when the mind accepts such logic, it has already surrendered to disorder. It is not only the sale of alcohol or tobacco that is the issue, but the deeper fact that society thrives on compromise—compromise with corruption, with violence, with destruction. Out of this arises a culture where profit is valued above life, where income is placed above intelligence, where habit outweighs compassion.

The question is not why society allows it, but whether we, as individuals, can see the falseness of this reasoning and not be part of it. To see clearly is to act differently. And when even a few act out of clarity, without compromise, there begins a movement of change—not through reform or law, but through the awakening of intelligence in daily life.

Poem

Society permits the poison,
though it knows the harm—
the body wasted by smoke,
the life shattered by drunken wheels,
the family left in sorrow.

Why is this allowed?
For revenue, for habit,
for the comfort of tradition.
A sick society calls it normal,
sustaining destruction
in the name of income.

It is like the corrupt official who reasons:
“If I remain honest,
my colleague will still take the bribe
and the work will be done.
So, what harm if I take it too?”

With such reasoning,
corruption becomes the way of life.
With such logic,
alcohol and tobacco flood the streets.
Profit is placed above life,
habit above compassion.

The real question is not
why society permits it,
but whether you and I
can see the falseness of this compromise
and step away from it.

To see clearly is already to act—
not in opposition,
not in reform,
but in the awakening of intelligence
that refuses to be corrupted.

In that refusal begins a new movement—
not of law,
not of authority,
but of life itself,
untouched by compromise,

whole, free, and sacred.

***

The festival of shadows

I went to a Deepavali dinner hosted by a builder. The house was immense — vast halls, sprawling rooms, expensive decor — yet without utility, without warmth, without meaning. It stood as a monument to status; a declaration of wealth intended to impress and attract business.

Ladies came in the latest fashions, each dress a statement of comparison, of richness displayed. Men and women alike raised glasses of alcohol, as though drinking were a badge of modernity, a mark of belonging to the privileged. Everything about the evening was shaped by the desire to exhibit, to show one's position, to advertise one's success.

But what is behind this glitter? Is it not fear — the fear of being nobody, the fear of being left behind? Thought seeks security through the symbols of status: through clothes, houses, cars, parties, rituals of wealth. Inwardly, there is emptiness, so outwardly there must be noise, colour, luxury.

The tragedy I s not the display itself but the mind that is enslaved by it — the mind that believes happiness is in comparison, that worth is measured by what one shows. Such a mind cannot know beauty, cannot know love, cannot know silence. It only knows competition and imitation, and therefore, endless conflict.

True celebration has nothing to do with status. It is not in alcohol, nor in fashion, nor in the building of palaces. It is in the simplicity of a quiet mind, in affection without show, in the light of awareness that dispels the shadows of greed and fear. When there is such awareness, every day is a festival, every meeting a communion, every act touched with beauty.

Poem

Lights burned bright,
but the heart was dim.
The vast house rose,
a monument of wealth,
yet empty of warmth.

Fashion glittered,
alcohol flowed,
status paraded as joy.
But behind the laughter
was fear —
fear of being nobody,
fear of being unseen.

Comparison dressed as beauty,
exhibition masked as success.
Where the self seeks display,
there is no celebration,
only noise and loneliness.

True Deepavali is not in the lamp
nor in the luxury of halls.
It is in a quiet mind,
free of envy and show,
where compassion lights the heart
and every day is a festival of wholeness.

***

There was once an old saying: “Spend money very carefully.” It came from a spirit of caution, of thrift, of guarding what one has earned. But today another phrase is often heard: “Spend money, send money into circulation.” The suggestion is that money, when it moves, creates livelihood, provides work, sustains communities.

But what is money? For most of us it is not merely a medium of exchange. It has become a symbol of security, of status, of power. We cling to it, or we display it, or we fear losing it. Money thus carries far more weight than the mere notes or coins in the hand — it has become entangled with our very sense of self.

When money is hoarded out of fear, it stagnates, and so does the mind that clings. When money is spent as an exhibition of status — on luxury, on excess, on vanity — it corrupts, feeding comparison and division. But when money moves naturally, without the burden of fear or the vanity of display, it supports the flow of life: it creates work, it provides food, it builds homes, it sustains health. Then money is what it is — a tool, not a master.

The real question is not simply whether to save or spend, but with what mind we do either. If saving is born of fear, it breeds more fear. If spending is born of show, it breeds envy and conflict. But when the mind is quiet, free of fear and comparison, then both saving and spending have their right place. Money is then used intelligently, compassionately, without corruption.

The true wealth is not money, but the clarity that comes when money is seen in its right role — neither despised nor worshipped, neither clung to nor squandered. It is only a means of living together. Without inner order, even abundance of money will create disorder. With inner clarity, even little money can flower into sufficiency and dignity.

Poem

Once they said,
“Hold your coin carefully,
guard it as treasure.”
And fear grew roots
in the locked chest.

Now they say,
“Spend, send it into the world,
let it move, let it breathe.”
For when money flows,
work is born,
hands find purpose,
lives are sustained.

But money is not wealth,
it is not security,
it is not status.
It is only a tool,
a passing flame
between giver and receiver.

Hoarded, it decays;
flaunted, it corrupts.
Used with clarity,
it serves life.

True wealth is not in coin,
but in the mind
free of fear and vanity.
Such a mind
spends without show,
saves without fear,
and in its movement
there is order,
there is compassion.

*****

Urgent Inward Revolution

Man is forever seeking change in the outer world. He revolts against governments, against systems, against poverty and injustice. He builds new institutions, new laws, new ideologies to bring about order. Yet, however noble, every outward revolution soon hardens into another pattern of oppression, another form of disorder. Why does this happen?

It happens because the root of disorder is not outside but within. The self — which is nothing but memory, image, desire, and fear — is the source of division and conflict. So long as the self remains untouched, any outer change will only carry the seeds of corruption. The banner may change, the slogans may change, but the structure of greed, ambition, and violence continues.

Therefore, what is urgent is not an outward revolution, but an inward one. An inward revolution is not born of discipline, of will, or of gradual reform. It begins with awareness — awareness of the self as it is, seeing its movement without justification, without condemnation, without escape.

When there is such choiceless awareness, the illusion of the self begins to dissolve. In that dissolution, there is clarity, compassion, and a new order that is not imposed by law or ideology. Only from this inner revolution can a true outward order come — one that does not corrupt, because it is not rooted in illusion.

Without this awakening within, every outer change will inevitably breed more conflict, more division, more chaos. But with it, there is the possibility of a world at peace, for peace begins in the ending of the self

Poem

Man seeks change outside—
new systems,
new laws,
new revolts,
new banners to follow.
Yet each revolution
soon becomes another chain,
another pattern of disorder.

Why?
Because the root of conflict
is not outside,
but within.

The self—
a bundle of memory,
desire,
fear,
and image—
is the source of division.
As long as the self remains,
every outward change
carries the seed of corruption.

What is urgent
is an inward revolution.
Not discipline,
not reform,
not the slow shaping of will.
It begins with awareness—
seeing the self as it is,
without escape,
without judgment,
without choice.

In that seeing,

the self dissolves.
In that dissolution
is clarity,
compassion,
a new order
not imposed,
but flowering on its own.

Without this awakening,
outward revolts
breed only chaos.
But with it,
there is the possibility
of a world at peace—
for peace begins
in the ending of the self.

Without the inner revolution, the outer is illusion.
The ending of the self is the beginning of order.
True change begins within, or it does not begin at all.
Where the self is, every revolution breeds disorder.
Peace flowers only when the self ends.
Without the inner flame, the outer fires of change burn only to ashes.
Where the self remains, every revolution turns into another chain.
True order flowers only when the self ends— then peace is born.

***

The goodness of learning

Even a man who lives with care may make a mistake — for mistakes are part of living. But what matters is not the mistake itself, but how the mind relates to it.

If there is no self-image to defend, no pride to protect, then the mistake is simply seen for what it is. In that seeing, there is a natural correction, and the mind learns directly, without guilt, without justification, without the burden of self-condemnation. Such a mind does not carry the shadow of the mistake into the future.

But when there is a self-image — "I am good, I am wise, I am just" — then every mistake becomes a threat. The mind hides it, explains it away, or resists change, because the image must be preserved. Then the mistake is repeated, covered up, perpetuated.

So, the difference is simple yet profound: the man without self-image is humble, open, capable of learning. He does not protect an idea of himself. He allows the fact to teach him, and therefore does not repeat the same error. The man with an image, however noble, is caught in the prison of his own making.

Freedom from the image is the beginning of intelligence. It is in that freedom that goodness flowers — a goodness not born of effort, not dependent on reputation, but natural, unpremeditated, alive.

Poem

Even a good man may err,
for mistakes belong to life.
But if there is no image to protect,
no pride to defend,
the mistake is simply seen.

In that seeing,
correction comes naturally—
without guilt,
without excuse,
without the shadow of self-condemnation.

The mind learns,
and what is understood completely
is never repeated.

But when the “I” is clothed in an image—
I am good, I am wise, I am just—
then error becomes a threat.
The mind hides it,
explains it,
defends it.
And so, the mistake returns,
again, and again.

The man without image is open,
humble,
able to learn.
The man with image is closed,
bound by the prison of himself.

Freedom from image
is the beginning of intelligence.
And in that freedom,
goodness flowers—
unpremeditated,
without motive,
pure and alive.

Realisation of Mistakes

To see a mistake as a mistake is already a great beginning.

Most of us justify it,
hide it,
or decorate it with excuses.
In that hiding, the mistake continues,
grows roots in the mind,
and distorts the whole of life.

But when you see,
without condemnation or justification,
that you have erred —
the very seeing ends the error.
There is no need for regret,
no need for self-punishment.
The past cannot be corrected,
but it can end in the flame of perception now.

A mistake seen clearly
does not leave a scar.
It becomes like a leaf
that has fallen in autumn —
it withers,
and the tree is free to bring forth new life.

Awareness is the soil in which learning happens.
Without it, mistakes repeat endlessly,
decorated in new forms.
With it,
the mind is fresh,
innocent again,
and therefore, free to live rightly.

The Seeing of a Mistake

A mistake is born,
not in the act alone,
but in the blindness of the mind
that refuses to see.

We cover it with excuses,
with reasons,
with the heavy cloak of regret.
Yet the error lives on,
moving in shadow.

But when there is simple seeing,

without condemnation,
without justification,
the mistake ends.

Like a wave
that breaks upon the shore
and returns to the sea,
it leaves no scar,
no burden of yesterday.

In the clarity of awareness
each error dissolves,
and life is new again,
innocent,
unburdened,
whole.

Realisation of Mistakes

Error
A mistake is not the end,
but a signal,
a mirror held before the mind.
To turn away is to be lost,
to look directly
is the beginning of freedom.

Regret
Regret is the chain of thought
that binds the past to the present.
It does not free,
it only repeats the pain.
See regret for what it is —
another escape from seeing.

Forgiveness
Forgiveness is not from another,
nor from a higher power.

It is in the ending of the self
that clings to hurt and image.
When the “I” ends,
there is nothing to forgive,
for there is no division left.

Renewal
When the error is seen,
when regret is dropped,
when forgiveness flowers —
life is fresh again.
The past has no hold,
the mind is innocent,
and in that innocence
There is wholeness

***

We look at the world and say, “This is beautiful — a temple, a sculpture, a poem, a sunset.” But is beauty contained in the stone, the word, the colour, or the curve? The mind, caught in the object, thinks beauty lies outside itself, in the shape of things, in the arrangement of lines, in the glory of the evening sky.

Yet beauty is not in the object alone. The most majestic mountain, the most delicate flower, the most exquisite piece of music — all these may leave you untouched if your heart is closed, if your mind is restless. Then what you call beauty is merely sensation, a fleeting thrill that comes and goes, leaving you empty again.

Beauty is not sensation. It is a state of being. It is the quality of a mind that lives without conflict, without comparison, without becoming. Where there is order without control, simplicity without pretence, sensitivity without self-interest — there beauty is.

When the heart is free of envy and fear, when the mind is quiet not by discipline but by understanding, then even the simplest things — a child's laughter, the movement of leaves in the wind, the worn face of a passer-by — reveal an extraordinary grace.

Beauty is the perfume of a life lived in awareness. It is not pursued, not cultivated. It comes uninvited when the self is absent. Then whatever you look at, however ordinary, is clothed in beauty.

To live in such beauty is not an escape from the world but a deep participation in it. For where there is beauty in living, there is compassion, and in compassion lies the wholeness of life.

Poem

We call the temple beautiful,
the sculpture,
the sunset,
the mountain.

But beauty is not in stone or colour,
not in curve or line,
not in music's fleeting thrill.

When the heart is closed,
even the stars
are silent dust.

Beauty flowers
in a mind without conflict,
in a life without becoming,
in simplicity without pretence.

It is the grace of a quiet mind,
the laughter of a child,
the worn face of a passer-by,
the rustle of leaves in the wind.

Beauty is the perfume
of awareness,
the fragrance of a life
where the self is absent.

Then whatever you look at
is clothed in beauty.
And in that beauty
is compassion,
and in compassion
the wholeness of life.

Beauty is not in the object seen,
but in the mind that sees without self.

When the heart is free of envy and fear,
even the simplest thing is clothed in beauty.

Beauty is the fragrance of awareness,
the perfume of a life without division.

***

Education, as it is now, sharpens the intellect but leaves the heart untouched. It teaches the child to compete, to achieve, to compare—but not to understand himself. It fills the brain with information, yet never points out the falsity of the "me" that creates division and sorrow.

The discovery of the illusion of the self—the "me" that separates one from another—should be part of learning from the very beginning. For the young mind, still uncorrupted by the world's conditioning, can easily see what is false if it is gently shown how thought builds an image called "I." To see the movement of this image—the constant craving to become, to succeed, to be more—is the beginning of freedom.

If education could help the child observe himself, not according to any pattern or authority, but simply watch his thoughts, his fears, his envy, his desire to outshine another, then learning would no longer be mere accumulation. It would be self-understanding—the foundation of right relationship.

When the mind sees that the "me" is a construct of memory, comparison, and conditioning, there is a natural ending of pride, competition, and aggression. Such a mind is not dull or withdrawn—it is deeply intelligent, creative, and compassionate.

To include the study of the self—not as a subject, but as a living inquiry—would be the greatest service education could render. For when a child grows up understanding the falsity of the self, he becomes a light to himself and to the world. He will act without fear, without hatred, and without the poison of division.

Poem

We teach the child to count the stars,
to build machines,

to measure the distance to the moon—
but not the distance
between himself and another.

We fill the young mind
with facts, formulas, and fear of failure,
but we do not help him see
the falsity of the "me."
And so, he grows clever,
but not wise—
successful, yet divided.

The "me" is born of thought—
a shadow made of memory,
craving, comparison,
and the desire to become.
It whispers, be first, be great, be known,
and in its whisper
begins conflict.

Why not begin, from the start,
to show the child this movement—
to let him watch
how pride is born,
how jealousy grows,
how the mind builds an image
and then worships it?
The young brain is fresh,
unworn by habit;
it can see the false as false
without effort.

If learning were to include
the seeing of oneself,
not through authority or discipline,

but through quiet observation,
then education would be freedom,
not conditioning.

When the “me” is understood
and seen for what it is—
a mask, a mirage—
there flowers a mind
without comparison,
a heart without fear.

Such a student will not seek to outshine,
but to understand;
not to conquer,
but to care.

Then teaching becomes love,
and learning becomes light.
The child, unpolluted by self,
will grow into a human being
who is a light to himself—
and in that light,
the world is renewed.

***

Instead of helping the young mind to understand itself,
education glorifies the past—
the kings, the conquests, the expansion of empires.
We teach the child to admire power,
to measure greatness by the length of a sword,
by the land conquered,
by the flag that flew over more soil than another.

This constant praise of domination conditions the mind to worship success and authority.
The young brain, which could flower in freedom,
is moulded to admire aggression and obedience.
It learns that to rule is noble,
to question is dangerous,
to conquer is glorious.
Thus, the seed of violence is planted early.

Why should history not be taught differently—
not as a celebration of power,
but as a mirror of human folly and awakening?
Let the student see that every empire,
however mighty, has fallen;
that ambition breeds suffering;
that the conqueror and the conquered
are both victims of illusion.

True education is not to make the child proud of a flag or fearful of another,
but to awaken intelligence that sees beyond boundaries.
It is to help him perceive the falsity of the "me"
that identifies with tribe, nation, or belief.
When that "me" ends,
there is compassion for all mankind.

To educate rightly is not to fill the mind with dead names and battles,
but to reveal how greed, fear, and ambition
have shaped human history—
and how freedom from them
is the beginning of a new world.

Poem

The child is taught to remember
the names of kings,
the battles won,
the lands subdued.
He learns to bow before empires,
to admire the conqueror’s crown,
to measure greatness
by the power to destroy.

In shining pages of history
we praise ambition
and call it destiny;
we glorify the march of armies
and forget the tears they left behind.
Thus, the seed of violence is sown
in tender minds—
to rule is noble,
to question is rebellion,
to conquer is glory.

Why not teach history
as a mirror, not a monument—
to see how greed builds a throne,
how pride fashions a flag,
how every empire falls
by the weight of its own illusion?

Let the young learn instead
the beauty of cooperation,
the strength of compassion,
the humility of understanding.
Let them see that greatness
lies not in conquest
but in freedom from the self
that seeks to conquer.

When the child learns this,
he will not worship kings or nations;
he will not divide life
by colour or creed.
He will see that the world is one—
and in that seeing,
there will be peace.

*****

Wholeness Is Pathless

The human mind is always searching for a path. It seeks methods, systems, and disciplines, hoping that by following a certain way it will arrive at truth, at freedom, at wholeness. But any path implies direction, and direction implies an end fixed by thought. The end is already imagined, already projected from what is known. Thus, the path only leads back to the mind's own creations.

Wholeness cannot be approached through a method, because wholeness is not the opposite of fragmentation. It is not something to be achieved at the end of effort. It is not reached step by step, nor is it revealed through practice or through the authority of another. A path belongs to time, but wholeness is not of time.

Wholeness comes into being only when the division between the seeker and the sought ends. As long as there is a traveller and a goal, there is separation, conflict, and the endless becoming. But when there is direct perception that the observer is the observed, that the thinker is the thought, then division dissolves. In that dissolution, wholeness is.

This wholeness is not to be followed, not to be cultivated. It is pathless because it is here, now, indivisible. The mind that is still, without direction, without clinging to an end, is already whole.

Poem

No road leads to the sky,
no trail to the open sea.
Wholeness has no map,
no signpost, no guide.

The seeker walks in circles

carrying his own shadow,
calling it the way.

But when seeking ends,
when the traveller dissolves,
there is only the vastness—
without distance,
without direction.

Wholeness is here,
untrodden,
pathless.

Is Choiceless Awareness itself a Path?

Krishnamurti often said, “Truth is a pathless land.” By this he meant that truth cannot be approached through systems, beliefs, disciplines, or practices. Any formulated path is laid down by thought, and thought is always old, always conditioned. To walk such a path is to remain within the circle of the known.

If choiceless awareness were made into a method, a practice, or an ideal to be achieved, it would immediately cease to be choiceless. It would become a direction, a movement toward an imagined goal. The moment one says, “I will practice choiceless awareness,” one has already chosen, one has already created a motive. And where there is motive, there is choice; where there is choice, there is conflict.

Choiceless awareness is not a path to be followed, but the ending of all paths. It is the state of seeing without the interference of the past, without the projection of the future. It is the simple, direct perception of “what is,” without the observer separate from the observed.

When the mind sees the futility of paths, doctrines, and practices, there is a natural quietness. In that quietness,

awareness flowers on its own. It is not cultivated, not arrived at, but arises when the self is absent.

So choiceless awareness is not the way to truth—it is the very movement of truth in daily life. It is the open sky of perception, not a road that leads somewhere. It is the ending of the seeker, and therefore the ending of the path.

Poem

No road leads to the real,
no practice to the infinite.
The map is drawn by thought,
and thought cannot touch the boundless.

To seek is to wander
in circles of one's own making,
naming the dust a destination.

Awareness is not a path.
It blooms when paths are seen as false,
when the seeker is silent,
when the observer is not.

Then truth is—
open as the sky,
pathless,
whole.

Wholeness is Pathless: Not reached by effort, revealed when seeking ends.
Where there is no traveller, the whole is already here. Not found in time,
not walked to by thought.

The Ending of Thought and the Flowering of Wholeness

When a thought or feeling arises — anger, fear, desire, sorrow — there is almost immediately another movement: the thinker, the judge, the inner voice that says, “I must control this, I must escape it, I must make it last, I must suppress it.” This second movement pretends to be separate, but in truth it is only another thought — another fragment of memory, another mask of the same movement.

When you see this directly, the illusion of division collapses. The thinker is not apart from thought; the observer is not different from the observed. Both belong to one stream.

If you fight the first thought with the second, you add fuel to the fire. Resistance gives strength, justification prolongs its life, suppression pushes it deeper only to return with greater force. But when you see that the second thought — the thinker — is not separate, then the mechanism of conflict stops.

What happens then? The first thought stands alone. Without interference, without resistance, it has no fuel to continue. It runs its course like a flame that dies when there is no wood to feed it. Anger burns and ends; fear quivers and is gone; sorrow unfolds and withers.

And when the thought ends naturally in this way, what remains is not emptiness in the sense of lack, but a profound quietness. A stillness that is alive, alert, full. In that silence there is no fragmentation, no becoming, no struggle. There is peace that is not the opposite of conflict, and wholeness that is not put together by thought.

This wholeness is not achieved, not cultivated, not imagined. It is there when the self — which is the endless chatter of thought — is absent. It is like the sky that appears vast and limitless when the clouds have dissolved.

To live in such quietness is to live without division. It is to meet each moment freshly, without the shadow of yesterday. In that freshness, there is beauty, there is compassion, there is freedom.

***

Life and the Whole

We think of life as something extraordinary — as if it were separate from the vast movement of the universe. We give it a special place, we glorify it as sacred, as superior, as the crown of creation. Yet, is it?

Life is not something apart from the cosmos. It is not higher or lower, greater or smaller — it is the cosmos expressing itself through countless forms. The tree, the bird, the cloud, the star, the human being — all are movements of one immense energy, endlessly transforming itself.

Man, in his vanity, has placed himself at the centre of this vastness, calling himself the most evolved, the most intelligent. But the very thought that measures intelligence in degrees already separates man from the totality. Thought isolates, divides; it says, “This is alive, that is dead,” “This is important, that is insignificant.” Yet, who is the measurer? The fragment that imagines itself to be the whole.

When there is perception without the centre — without the “me” that compares and judges — then life is seen as one movement, indivisible. The ant carrying its grain, the wave breaking on the shore, the birth and death of a star — all are part of that same unfolding.

To see this is not to romanticize nature or to worship the cosmos as something outside us. It is to realize that we are of it — not separate, not superior, not inferior — simply part of the endless flow.

Then humility is not cultivated; it is. Reverence for all things arises naturally when the mind sees its oneness with life.

Poem

Life is not a throne
set above the stars;
it is the same dust
that shines in them.

Not greater,
not lesser —
only a wave
in the boundless sea.

The flower, the worm, the man, the mountain —
each sings the same song
in a different voice.

When thought ends,
there is no hierarchy,
no measure,
no centre.

There is only the wholeness
of being —
vast, timeless,
sacred beyond word or worship.

*****

On the Worth of Life

Someone says: “Life is worthless because, after all, you are going to die.”
This conclusion comes from thought. Thought measures life by its length, its achievements, its possessions, its continuation. Seeing that death will wipe away all of this, it declares life meaningless. But that is the logic of thought, not the fact of living.

Krishnamurti would point out: the worth of life is not in its duration, nor in what it accumulates. If you live with the “me” at the center, then yes, life may appear empty — because the “me” is always pursuing, comparing, fearing, and never finding. Such a life is indeed shallow and repetitive, and death exposes its hollowness.

But when one lives without the burden of the “me,” without the constant drive to become something, life is no longer measured by time or thought. Then each moment is complete in itself — not as an idea, but as actuality. In such living, there is beauty, love, compassion, and an intelligence untouched by death.

Death then is not the negation of life, but part of its wholeness. To live fully now is to die to the past each moment — to end yesterday’s hurt, yesterday’s ambition, yesterday’s sorrow. In that dying there is freshness, innocence, and a life of immeasurable depth.

So, the question is not: “What is the worth of life, since we must die?” The real question is: “Can we live now without the shadow of the self, so that death is not an end, but simply the flowering of life in its totality?”

“Life is not worthless; it is only the self that makes it empty.”

On Usefulness of life

Man says, “I am of no use to society.” In that very statement lies comparison, measurement, and despair. He measures himself against others—the successful, the rich, the powerful—and concludes that his life has no meaning unless it fits into the pattern society has laid down.

But look at the star. It does not say, “I am of no use to the cosmos.” It shines in its vastness without asking whether life depends upon it or not. A flower does not compare itself with another flower. A tree does not ask if it is useful to the forest. They exist in their own completeness.

It is thought that divides man from this natural wholeness. Thought says, “I must be something, I must be recognized, I must serve.” And when it cannot achieve what it imagines, it falls into despair, into the sense of being useless.

To see this movement of thought and not be caught in it—that is the beginning of freedom. In choiceless awareness, the question of usefulness does not arise. There is only life, whole and sacred, without measurement. Then living itself is its own meaning, as complete as the star shining in the night sky.

Poem

Man says, I am of no use to society,
measuring himself against another,
seeking worth in comparison,
finding despair in the mirror of thought.

But the star does not say, I am useless to the cosmos.
It shines in silence,
not asking who depends on its light,
not seeking meaning in another’s eyes.

The flower blooms, the tree stands,
the bird sings,
without asking, Am I of value?
Their wholeness is their song.

Only thought invents the prison of usefulness.
In choiceless awareness,
the question dissolves,
and living itself is sacred—
as complete as the star in the night sky.

***

Life and the Cosmos

What is the use of life to the cosmos?
We ask such a question as though the cosmos were separate from life,
as though life were a tool to serve a larger master.
But the cosmos is not outside of life,
nor is life apart from the cosmos.
They are one movement,
one unfolding order.

The stars burn, the earth turns,
the tree puts out leaves,
the bird sings at dawn,
and the human being asks:
"What purpose do I serve?"

This question itself is born of thought—
thought which seeks meaning in utility,
which measures everything by gain or loss.
But the cosmos is not concerned with gain.
It does not ask for use.
It simply is.

Life, too, is not a means to an end.

It is the flowering of the cosmos itself—
an expression of that immeasurable energy
which has neither beginning nor conclusion.

To see this is to end the search for "use."
Then life is not a burden, not a duty,
but a flame of awareness,
a song without purpose.
It is the cosmos looking at itself,
the universe becoming conscious of its own unfolding.

In this seeing, life is not for the cosmos,
nor is the cosmos for life—
they are not two, but one indivisible movement.

***

Man, with his restless thought, has endlessly questioned: What is the meaning of existence? Does God exist? Such questions are beyond the reach of thought itself, for thought is limited and conditioned by the past. Yet with that same thought, man has reached the moon, probes the planets, and dreams of building new habitations in distant space, while destroying his own Earth with nuclear, hydrogen, and plasma bombs.

The very knowledge that gives him comfort, medicine, and the means to improve life also arms him with instruments of terror to kill his neighbour. This is the paradox: thought creates both the temple and the battlefield, both the plough and the bomb.

But the real crisis is not among the stars, nor in the laboratories. It is here, in man's daily life. He does not know how to live in the timeless dimension — to live without the burden of the past and the projections of the future, to live wholly in the present without conflict.

What is urgent now is not the endless pursuit of technology, nor the conquest of distant planets, nor the ceaseless questioning of the meaning of life, of cosmos, of God. All these belong to the restless movement of thought which seeks answers outside itself.

What is urgent is the understanding of life in its wholeness to see the disorder within ourselves, to see how thought divides, how desire breeds conflict, how fear shapes our actions. Without that understanding, the more we advance outwardly, the more we destroy inwardly. To live in wholeness is not to seek meaning, but to live without fragmentation, to be free of the burden of becoming. When the mind is whole, it discovers a sacredness not made by man, not found in books or in temples, but in the simple clarity of awareness that holds all life as one.

Poem

Man, with his ceaseless thought,
has asked: What is the meaning of existence?
Does God exist or not?
But thought cannot reach beyond itself;
what is limited cannot touch the limitless.

With thought he has reached the moon,
with thought he searches the stars,
seeking another planet to inhabit
while destroying this one
with nuclear fire, with hydrogen storms,
with weapons born of the same mind
that also heals, builds, and comforts.

Knowledge creates both the balm and the wound,
the plough that feeds
and the bomb that kills.

Yet the crisis is not in the heavens above,

nor in the machines of laboratories.
It is here—
in man's heart,
in his daily living.

He does not know how to live
in the timeless dimension,
to die to yesterday,
to cease projecting tomorrow,
to dwell wholly in the living present.

What matters now is not
the endless race of technology,
but the awakening of a mind
that knows its limits,
and therefore, is free of them.

To live in the timeless
is to live without fear,
without comparison,
without the burden of becoming—
to live in love,
and so, to live in harmony
with the whole of life.

***

Man says, life is full of problems. He carries the weight of conflict, sorrow, ambition, envy, fear, and loneliness. Each moment seems heavy, each relationship a struggle. Why? Because life, as he lives it, is a ceaseless movement of comparison and accumulation.

He is always measuring himself against another — richer, stronger, more intelligent, more virtuous — or against the image of what he was, or what he hopes to be. This constant comparing divides the mind, and in division there is conflict. The known — memory, experience, the past — becomes the

framework through which every moment is measured. And so, life appears as a chain of problems, endless and unsolvable.

But when the mind sees the futility of comparison, when it ends the movement of measuring, something extraordinary takes place. To die to the known, moment to moment — to let each experience end without carrying it over into the next — is to live with a fresh mind. Such a mind is not burdened by yesterday, nor anxious about tomorrow.

In that dying is renewal. In that ending is freedom. And then life is not a problem to be solved, but a blessing to be lived. It is pure awareness — whole, undivided, without centre or circumference. In that wholeness there is beauty, there is love, there is a sacredness untouched by thought.

Poem

Man says life is full of problems—
a weight of sorrow,
a chain of conflicts,
a struggle without end.

But look closely:
the problem is born of comparison,
of measuring oneself
against another,
against what was yesterday,
against what might be tomorrow.

In comparison there is envy,
in memory there is fear.
The mind carries the known,
clinging to it,
projecting it forward,
and so, every moment
is clouded by the past.

But when comparison ends,
when the known is allowed to die
second by second,
the mind is free.
In that dying is freshness,
in that ending is renewal.

Then life is no longer a burden—
it is a blessing.
Not something to solve,
but something to live.

A pure awareness unfolds,
undivided, whole,
without centre, without shadow.
And in that wholeness
there is beauty,
there is love,
there is the sacred.

***

Illusion of misfortune:

Man, often says, “My whole life is haunted by misfortune,” while comparing himself to others whose lives appear as three flowers and six fruits—full of beauty and abundance. Yet is not sorrow born of this very comparison? Misfortune may not lie in the events themselves, but in the mind that measures, that envies, that constantly contrasts itself with another. The flower does not compare its fragrance to the bloom beside it. The fruit does not grieve for the season it has not yet seen. To perceive life without comparison is to end the shadow of misfortune. Then life is not rich or poor, blessed or cursed—it is simply what it is: whole, unmeasured, and free.

“My life is haunted by misfortune,” he laments,

seeing others as flowers and fruits.
But sorrow is born in comparison;
the flower never envies another bloom,
the fruit ripens in its own season.
Life is whole only when it is not measured.

***

In that state of choiceless awareness, there is no “good fortune” or “bad fortune.” There is only living—moment to moment—fresh, uncorrupted, without the shadow of yesterday.
This is freedom from fate.

The so-called misfortune is inevitable in the field of time, for in time man is always treading upon another. Each one, driven by desire and comparison, seeks his own fulfilment, and in that pursuit, he collides with another’s path. From this conflict arises what we call misfortune.

Time is the movement of becoming — of wanting to be something, of struggling against what is, of reaching for what should be. In that movement there is always division: you and I, success and failure, gain and loss. As long as one lives within that dimension, misfortune is bound to appear, because each is entangled in the net of another’s desire.

But beyond the field of time there is no misfortune, no collision, no comparison. To step into that dimension is to live without the weight of becoming, without the urge to tread ahead or to fall behind. It is to live in the clarity of the present, where the mind is not caught in the struggle of “more” and “less.”

Only then is there harmony. Only then does one see that misfortune belongs to the world of measurement, but life in its wholeness is immeasurable, untouched by time.

Poem

The so-called misfortune
is woven into the fabric of time,
for in the field of becoming
each one treads upon another,
each desire collides
with a neighbour's dream.

In time there is always division—
success and failure,
gain and loss,
the many paths crossing,
clashing,
wounding.

So long as man lives in comparison,
measuring himself against the other,
misfortune is inevitable,
the shadow that follows ambition.

But beyond time's restless field
there is no collision,
no rival path,
no misfortune.

There is only the stillness
of the timeless present,
where the mind is free of becoming,
free of the weight of "more" and "less."

There harmony flowers—
for misfortune belongs to time,
but life in its wholeness
is timeless,
immeasurable,
untouched.

***

A Question at the Edge of Death

As the story goes, Krishnamurti once visited a close friend who was in the last stages of life.
The man, sensing his end approaching, dismissed everyone from the room.
Only Krishnamurti remained by his bedside.

With urgency and trembling hope, the friend whispered:
“Please tell me — is there life after death? I will not tell anyone.
No one else is here.
Just tell me the truth.”

He believed that, if ever Krishnamurti would reveal a secret,
it would be now — in this quiet, private moment,
to a dying friend asking for ultimate reassurance.

There was a long silence.
Krishnamurti looked at him gently and said:

“Why are you concerned about that?
Be quiet.
Let the mind be still.
Don’t trouble yourself with such questions.”

He did not answer — not because he did not know,
and not because he wished to be mysterious,
but because any answer would have been another belief,
another escape from the fact of fear.

Why Krishnamurti Did Not Answer

Krishnamurti knew that a mind seeking comfort
cannot hear truth.
What the friend was really asking for was consolation,
a promise of continuity —
something to ease the fear of ending.

If Krishnamurti had said,

“Yes, there is life after death,”
it would have been a belief
— a soothing imagination.

If he had said,
“There is nothing afterward,”
it would have created despair
— another conclusion, another burden.

Either answer would have strengthened the self,
the very thing that must come to an end.

He saw that the question itself was born of fear,
and fear cannot be resolved by answers;
it ends only in understanding.

So, he pointed not to the afterlife,
but to the present mind,
which was restless, frightened,
searching for assurance.

He was inviting his friend
to meet death directly —
without idea, without hope,
without resistance.

In that direct seeing
is freedom.

In the Spirit of Krishnamurti

Krishnamurti never dealt in promises —
not even to comfort the dying.
He would not betray truth
for the sake of sentiment.

To him, truth is not something

handed from one person to another.
It has to be seen in oneself,
in the silence when thought ends.

For the mind that is truly quiet,
life and death are one movement —
neither to be sought nor avoided.

So, he said simply:
“Be quiet.”

Not as instruction,
but as a door —
a gentle invitation
to enter that vast stillness
where the known ceases,
where there is neither fear
nor the need for an answer.

***

No Rebirth, No Self

Rebirth and salvation
are inventions of thought,
comforts in the shadow of time.

But when the self is not,
who is there to be reborn?
who is there to be saved?

The “I” is only memory,
the echo of desire,
clinging to continuity.

There is no eternal particle,
no secret Atma
wandering through births.

When the self ends,
there is freedom—
a vast silence,
untouched by birth or death.

In choiceless awareness
there is only sacred oneness,
nothing beyond,
nothing more.

*****

The corruption of power

When rulers become crooked, the whole of humanity suffers. The corruption of leadership is not confined to borders; its poison seeps into the consciousness of all who follow. A ruler may belong to a nation, but he must not be nationalistic—because nationalism divides what life has made whole.

The ruler who governs with self-interest, with pride of race or creed, sows the seeds of conflict. He speaks of peace while arming for war, of welfare while seeking power. His corruption is not only in money or privilege but in thought itself—in the idea that one group, one nation, one belief is more important than another. When power becomes personal, truth departs.

The ruler is not separate from the people; he is their reflection. When the citizens are inwardly divided, greedy, ambitious, fearful—the ruler will mirror the same. It is the consciousness of the many that sustains the corruption of the few. To curse the ruler without understanding oneself is to remain part of the very disorder one condemns.

Therefore, the real revolution is not merely political—it is psychological. When each human being understands himself, when there is clarity and compassion within, the leader too will emerge from that clarity. But where the mind is narrow, nationalistic, and self-centred, every ruler, however new, will continue the same pattern of oppression and deceit.

The world does not need rulers who belong to one flag—it needs minds that belong to humanity. Only such minds, free from prejudice and ambition, can bring about order in the world.

Poem

When rulers turn crooked,
the whole earth trembles.
Their greed is not theirs alone—
it seeps into the roots of humanity,
darkening the heart of those who obey.

A ruler may wear one flag,
but he must not belong to it.
For the earth is not divided—
only thought divides it.
Nationalism is but a mask
for vanity and fear,
and under that mask,
violence ripens.

He speaks of peace while arming,
of justice while seeking power,
of service while serving himself.
His corruption is not in gold alone,
but in the idea that one people,
one faith, one soil
is greater than another.

But the ruler is not apart from the ruled.
He is their reflection,
the mirror of their confusion.
When men are greedy and afraid,
they choose the greedy and afraid
to rule over them.
To curse the ruler
is to curse one's own image.

The true revolution
is not in the palace,
but in the mind.

When the heart is clear,
no crooked hand can govern it.
When there is love for the whole,
no flag can divide.

The world needs not rulers,
but human beings—
minds free from prejudice,
hearts uncorrupted by ambition.
Only such minds can bring order
without oppression,
and light
without authority.

*****

Love That Transforms

It has been said — and truly observed — that love, compassion, and fearlessness can touch even wild animals. Saints in the past, and Krishnamurti himself, spoke of this extraordinary fact. When the heart is free of fear and aggression, when there is no shadow of violence or self-interest, there arises a quality of being that communicates beyond words, beyond thought.

Animals live in instinct, in sensitivity to fear and threat. They sense hostility immediately, just as they sense quietness and gentleness. When you approach with fear or violence, their response is to defend, to attack, or to flee. But when there is no fear, when there is no self projecting dominance or craving, there is a natural harmony. The animal does not feel threatened; it feels that it is met as it is.

This is not sentimentality. Sentimentality is still of thought — wanting to protect, to idealize, to make a show of compassion. Real compassion is not born of thought; it arises when the self is absent, when there is no "me" trying to gain something from the encounter. That compassion has a quality of silence, of immense strength without aggression, of fearlessness that is not cultivated but comes naturally when the self is not.

In that state, relationship itself changes — not only with animals, but with people, with nature, with life as a whole. There is no longer the human standing apart, trying to conquer, exploit, or control. There is only meeting, communion, a sense of being together in wholeness.

And this is not mystical; it is factual. If you watch closely, you will see that when the mind is quiet, free of its images and fears, even a bird will come close, even a stray dog will

relax, even a child will sense safety. Fear and violence create distance; compassion and love dissolve it.

In this lies the sacred. For love is not of time, not of memory, not of reward. It is a flame that transforms — not only human relationship but the whole of existence, down to the trembling of a leaf, the gaze of an animal, the silence of the earth.

Poem

The beast senses fear,
and fear is violence.
It strikes, it flees,
it guards its life.

But when the heart is still,
when there is no shadow of self,
no demand, no threat —
there arises a fragrance,
a strength without aggression.

Then even the wild creature pauses,
its eyes soften,
its breath eases.
It feels no enemy,
for there is no enemy.

Love is not sentiment,
nor the dream of possession.
It is a flame,
silent and fearless,
before which hostility melts.

In that flame,
the distance between man and beast
dissolves into communion.

Transformation through love is not something that is done. It is not an act of will. It is the natural outcome of meeting without division. Where there is no “I” trying to control, defend, or gain, the other — whether man or beast — feels no resistance, no enemy. That is why love, in its purity, has a transforming power greater than any method or discipline.

*****

Standing alone

Man has always turned outward for guidance. He bows before authority, not only in politics or religion but in the subtler domain of the so-called spiritual. He looks to the Pope, the priest, the guru, the leader, the teacher, because within himself he feels insufficient, uncertain, insecure. Out of fear and confusion, he gives power to another. That power corrupts the one who holds it, and it weakens the one who surrenders to it. Thus, both the leader and the follower live in illusion.

But why is there this demand for leadership at all? Is it not because we are afraid to be alone, afraid to stand without support, without the crutch of belief or authority? To be inwardly independent means to see things as they are without distortion. It means to look at yourself directly — your fears, your desires, your attachments — without running away, without seeking consolation. Such direct seeing is intelligence, and that intelligence is not to be borrowed from another.

Truth is not given through another's words, nor can it be handed down through tradition or scripture. The moment you follow, you destroy your own perception. To follow is to live in shadows, in imitation, in second-hand living. Real freedom begins when you put aside all dependence — on gurus, on systems, on political or religious saviours — and say, "I must find out for myself." That very inquiry, born out of humility and seriousness, opens the door to self-knowledge.

To stand alone is not isolation. It is not withdrawing into self-centred resistance. It is to be free of dependence, and in that freedom, there is immense compassion. Only the mind that is not leaning on another can know love, can act rightly, can bring about a new world.

Poem

Man has always bowed to leaders,
to priests, to gurus,
to those who promise salvation
in the name of God or in the name of power.
Afraid of his own emptiness,
he has looked outward,
seeking comfort in authority,
hoping another will show him the way.

But to follow is to be blind.
To imitate is to live in shadows.
The truth cannot be borrowed,
nor handed down through scripture,
nor whispered by the lips of another.

To see is to see for oneself,
to walk alone without fear,
to face directly the movement of desire,
the ache of loneliness,
the cunning escapes of thought.
When the mind no longer clings,
when it refuses the crutch of belief,
a flame of intelligence is born.

To stand alone is not isolation.
It is to be free of dependence,
to be whole in oneself,
and in that wholeness
there is compassion without boundary,
a love not corrupted by following.

Then, perhaps,
a new world begins.

***

No Teacher, No Disciple

If I speak to show I know,
and you do not—
then words are ash,
barren of truth,
woven only by the vanity of “me.”

Truth is not mine,
not yours, not anyone’s—
the moment it is claimed,
it slips away,
like water from a closed fist.

Leave the speaker,
leave the author,
leave the shadow of the name.
What matters is only the seeing—
the false as false,
the true as true.

When the “I” is absent,
there is no teacher,
no disciple,
only a clear flame of awareness,
burning without keeper,
lighting without smoke.

See the Truth, Not the Teacher

We are conditioned to follow the teacher, the guru, the authority. We listen to the words, we admire the personality, we surrender to the image of one who seems to know. In that very act of following, truth is lost.

For truth is not in the teacher; it is in the seeing. The teacher may point to the moon, but if the eye is fixed on the finger, the moon is never seen. To give importance to the speaker is to mistake the signpost for the journey.

The teacher is not the source of truth. At best he is a mirror in which you may see yourself, and if the mirror is clear, you will see that the seeing is all that matters. The person, the authority, the name—these are irrelevant.

When you see directly for yourself—the false as false, the truth as truth—then the teacher vanishes, as a raft is left behind when the river is crossed. What remains is not the echo of someone's words, but a clarity that is your own, though it belongs to no one.

To see the truth is to stand alone—without leader, without follower, without the burden of tradition or the comfort of authority. That aloneness is not isolation; it is the flowering of intelligence and compassion.

Therefore, see the truth, not the teacher. For the teacher is only a shadow; the light is in the seeing.

Poem

Do not cling to the finger
that points to the moon—
look at the moon itself.

The name, the face, the voice—
they are shadows that pass.
Truth does not dwell in a person,
nor in a book, nor in a shrine.

See directly for yourself.
When the false is seen as false,
the teacher disappears,
and only clarity remains.

In that aloneness without guide,
light shines without end.

The teacher is a shadow; truth is the light you must see.

Follow not the speaker, but what is seen in yourself.

The finger points, the word guides, but only direct seeing is truth.

See the truth directly; the teacher is not the truth.

On Refusing the Photograph

Krishnamurti for many years would not pose for a photograph. Why? Not out of vanity, nor modesty, but out of deep understanding. He saw that the mind, conditioned as it is, easily clings to images. To look at the picture of a teacher is to give importance to the face, the form, the personality. Very soon the picture is garlanded, placed on an altar, worshipped—and the living truth is forgotten.

The image of the person becomes more significant than the perception of reality. The shadow is mistaken for the substance. Krishnamurti refused the photograph because he wanted no distraction, no idol, no authority to stand between the individual and the direct seeing of truth.

For truth is not in the picture, not in the person, not in the name. Truth is in the seeing of "what is" without distortion. To worship the photo is to miss the essence. To rely on the personality is to avoid the responsibility of looking for oneself.

Later, photographs were taken, but they were never meant to be objects of reverence. They are simply records of a passing form. What matters is not the face of the speaker, but whether one listens to the silence behind the words.

Poem

They asked for his image,
a picture to hold,
a face to worship,
a form to remember.

But he turned away,
for he knew the danger:
the eye clings to the portrait,
the mind bows to the figure,
and the living truth is lost.

A photo is a shadow,
a fleeting outline of form.
Truth is not in the frame,
nor in the name beneath it—
it is in the seeing of oneself,
in the silence beyond the image.

So, he refused the camera's gaze,
not from pride,
but from compassion—
that no picture might imprison the sacred
in the shape of a man.

The picture is a shadow; truth is beyond the frame.

Do not worship the image—see for yourself what is.

The face fades; only awareness is timeless.

A photograph shows the form, but not the flame.

*****

Is There the Opposite at All?

We live in the movement of opposites — good and bad, success and failure, love and hate, today and tomorrow. But are these opposites truly separate, or are they two ends of the same stick?

Take anger and non-anger. The mind says, "I am angry today, but tomorrow I shall not be." That "tomorrow" is projected by thought as the opposite of "what is." But the "not-anger" is still born of anger — a continuation under a different name. The opposite contains the seed of that which it denies.

When we strive for the opposite, we are still caught in the same movement of time. "I will become less violent" means, "I am violent now, and through time I will change." But time cannot dissolve what it has created. The mind that creates the opposite is the same mind that sustains conflict.

Psychologically, is there such a thing as tomorrow? Tomorrow exists only for the mind that seeks to continue, to improve, to become. It is the invention of thought trying to escape from "what is."

When there is hurt today, and the mind says, "I shall get over it," the getting-over is merely postponement — a continuity of the same hurt dressed in time. The "tomorrow" of the mind is therefore an illusion; it is still today carried forward.

When there is no movement toward the opposite, no escape into tomorrow, what remains is the fact — the actual "what is." To see that completely, without distortion, without comparison, is the ending of duality.

In that total perception, there is no becoming, no ideal, no measurement. The mind is wholly attentive to this moment. That attention is not born of time — it is timeless.

Then, there is only the complete today — not as a segment of time, but as the whole of existence unfolding now.

"The opposite is born of escape. When the mind faces 'what is' without seeking its opposite, the conflict ends, and there is a transformation not in time, but instantly. To see the false as false and the true as true — that seeing is the ending of duality. Then the 'today' is complete, whole, without the shadow of tomorrow."

***

Question: Sir, is there the opposite at all? I don't mean the obvious — man and woman, light and dark, night and day. But psychologically, is there the opposite? Because our living seems built upon opposites: love and hate, success and failure, peace and conflict.

Answer: Is there the opposite, or only what is? Let us look together.
When you say, "I am angry, but I must not be angry," what happens? The "must not" is the opposite of anger, isn't it? But that "not-anger" is still born of the same root — anger itself. So, the opposite is not truly opposite; it is the continuation of what is in another form.

The mind invents the opposite because it does not know how to look directly at the fact. It escapes from "what is" by creating "what should be." The "should be" is tomorrow — an imagined time in which the fact is to be transformed. But the fact and the ideal are both creations of thought.

Question: Then, sir, is there no place for becoming better, for changing, for progress?

Answer: Better in what sense?
The idea of becoming better implies comparison — "I am this, and I will become that." But the "that" is projected from

the “this.” Therefore, the “better” is born of the same movement of thought.

The mind says, “I am violent today, but I shall be non-violent tomorrow.” The non-violence is still part of violence, because it is its shadow. The mind that pursues non-violence is still violent, only wearing a more refined mask. So, the becoming is illusion — it is the movement of time, of postponement.

Question: But if there is no tomorrow psychologically, then how can one change at all?

Answer: Change takes place only in the present, not in time. The seeing is the doing. When you see a poisonous snake, you do not say, “I will run away tomorrow.” The action is immediate because the danger is seen directly.

In the same way, when the mind sees the falseness of duality — that the opposite is born of the same — that very seeing ends the conflict. Then there is no need for tomorrow.

Question: So, there is only today — the complete “what is”?

Answer: Not the “today” of the calendar, but the eternal now — the living moment in which the whole of existence is contained. When there is no escape, no comparison, no measurement, there is only this vast now.

In that state, there is no opposite, no striving, no becoming. The mind is utterly still — not because it has disciplined itself, but because it has seen the truth. That stillness is not emptiness; it is immense, alive, sacred.

“Where there is the opposite, there is conflict.
Where there is only what is, there is freedom.
And in that freedom, the mind discovers the immeasurable.”

"The opposite is born when the mind escapes from what is. To see what is completely is to end the conflict of opposites."

Poem

There is no opposite in truth —
only the mirror of the mind
dividing the light it cannot bear.

You say, "I shall be kind tomorrow,"
but kindness does not grow in time;
it blooms only when the heart is free
of becoming.

The "what is"
does not ask to be otherwise.
It simply unfolds,
as the sea unfolds its waves —
each complete,
each ending in its own beauty.

Where the mind ceases to compare,
there is no higher, no lower,
no virtue, no vice.
There is only seeing —
pure, unmeasured, whole.

And in that seeing,
the tomorrow of thought ends.
The silence of now
fills the sky of the heart.

Not empty —
but vast, living,
without centre,
without opposite.

*****

Loneliness and Aloneness

Loneliness is the ache of separation, the sense of being cut off from everything. You may be surrounded by people, have friends, family, success, and recognition — yet feel inwardly empty. That emptiness is loneliness. It is born when the mind isolates itself through thought, through the image it builds of "me" and "you."

Thought says: I am different from you; I must become something; I must reach somewhere.
In this movement of becoming, the mind separates itself from what is — and that very separation breeds loneliness. Loneliness is the product of time and comparison — the shadow cast by desire to be someone or something.

We try to escape from loneliness through occupation, through relationship, through worship, through endless activity. But every escape only deepens the wound, for the very movement away from loneliness strengthens the self — and the self is loneliness.

Aloneness is entirely different. It is not the opposite of loneliness; it is not its remedy or reaction. It comes when the movement of escape ends — when the mind sees the futility of running away and stays with what is, without resistance.

When you look into loneliness without naming it, without seeking to get rid of it, you are no longer the observer separate from loneliness — you are that loneliness. In that complete perception, the division ends, and out of that ending flowers aloneness.

Aloneness is a state of mind untouched by thought, by comparison, by time. It is whole, unfragmented. The mind that is alone is not seeking companionship, nor avoiding it; it moves in freedom whether it is with others or by itself.

Aloneness is not isolation — it is the purity of being.
In that state, love is possible — not the love that depends, not the love that clings, but love that is like the fragrance of a flower: it does not invite, it simply is.

To live in aloneness is to live in the beauty of wholeness — where there is no centre, no circumference, only silence, vast and sacred.

***

Loneliness — The Cry of Separation

Loneliness, is the ache of division — the pain of being a fragment. It is born when thought creates the centre as the "me" and builds walls around it: my family, my belief, my success, my sorrow. Within those walls there is the illusion of safety, but also the inevitability of isolation.

That isolation is felt as loneliness — a sense of inner emptiness filled with fear and longing.
Thought, being limited, cannot end loneliness; it can only cover it with pleasure, activity, and noise.
So, we fill the void with relationships, gods, or ideals, but beneath it all the wound remains — the wound of the self.

Loneliness, then, is the product of becoming — of psychological time, of self-centred existence. It is born of resistance to "what is."

The emptiness of silence that Krishnamurti speaks of is not born of loneliness. It comes when loneliness, fear, and the whole structure of the "me" have ended through direct perception.

When the mind ceases to escape, to analyse, to name — it faces the emptiness completely.
In that total perception, there is a profound transformation: the emptiness is no longer something to be feared; it is no longer the void of despair, but a vast, living space.

That emptiness is silence — not the silence manufactured by discipline or meditation technique, but the silence that is, when the mind is completely still because thought has seen its own limitation.

- Loneliness is born of fragmentation, of the "me" seeking continuity. It is the emptiness of self-enclosure.
- The emptiness of silence is not born; it is discovered when the self ends. It is not an absence but a presence — a fullness without content.

- Loneliness says, "I am empty, I must be filled."
  Silence says nothing. It simply is.

When the mind remains with loneliness — not escaping, not judging — the wall of separation begins to dissolve.

In that seeing, loneliness transforms into aloneness.
In aloneness, there is no “me” to be lonely.
And in that state, the emptiness of silence flowers — vast, sacred, untouched by time.

Krishnamurti once said:

“When you look into the emptiness without running away, that very emptiness is transformed into something that is not of the mind, not of thought. It is creation.”

So, the loneliness of the self is the shadow of emptiness,
but the emptiness of silence is the light beyond that shadow.

*****

The Act of God — Or the Act of Man?

When a bridge collapses or a railing gives way and many lives are lost, we call it an act of God.
How easy it is to shift responsibility to the skies!
But look more closely — is it truly God who is at fault, or man?

The builder who uses substandard material, knowing it may not last, is aware of what he does. The official who approves it for a price is also aware. The devotee who rushes with the crowd, unmindful of danger, is part of the same movement of ignorance. The priest, the donor, the authority, the devotee — all share in the disorder that man himself has created, and yet he seeks refuge in that convenient phrase: "It was destiny."

Corruption is not merely in one man or one act — it is in the very structure of our thinking, in the pursuit of gain at any cost. We call it "human error," but it is far more than that. It is the outcome of a mind that values profit over life, ritual over awareness, repetition over intelligence.

And when disaster follows, we mourn, we blame, we pray — and soon repeat the same pattern. This is the tragedy: not that the railing collapsed, but that man's awareness has collapsed.

If one truly observed — not as a believer or accuser, but simply saw the whole movement of human negligence, greed, and imitation — that very seeing would bring a different order. Not an order imposed by law or fear, but an order born of intelligence.

The act of God, if there is one, is the sunrise, the rain, the birth of a child — not the death caused by man's ignorance. What man calls fate is often the result of his own blindness.

***

Poem

They said it was an act of God—
the railing broke,
the crowd fell,
the earth drank the cries of the devout.

But was it the hand of heaven
or the hand of man
that mixed sand with cement,
that signed the paper,
that turned its eyes away?

The builder knew,
the officer knew,
the worshipper too knew—
for this has happened before,
and still we rush,
still we bow to stone,
not to life.

We blame the unseen
to escape what we have seen.
We kneel before the altar of belief
to hide our corruption
and our fear.

God does not build railings,
nor approve contracts.
The act of God is the rising sun,
the falling leaf,
the birth of compassion in a silent mind.

But the act of man
is negligence wrapped in prayer,
greed covered with ritual,
and sorrow repeated in the name of fate.

Look, and you will see—
not to accuse,
but to understand.
Only in that seeing
is there the ending of corruption,
and the beginning of sacredness.

***

After the storm:
After the cyclone, when the winds have stilled and the waters recede, man stands amidst ruin—his fields flattened, his houses broken, his labour of years swept away. He weeps, he curses nature, he blames fate or God. Yet, in that cry there is seldom the awareness of his own part in the disaster.

Why do we depend entirely on the government, waiting for help, waiting for someone to act? Why do we not care for the earth on which we live, for the water that sustains us, for the rivers and canals that we ourselves choke with encroachments and waste? We call it misfortune when nature revolts, but have we not provoked it by our neglect and greed?

The calamity is not only in the storm outside, but in the disorder within—the thought that says, it is not my responsibility. The same thought that demands comfort without care, profit without prudence, builds on floodplains and calls it progress. So, the outer devastation reflects the inner confusion.

When there is awareness—not as blame, not as an idea, but as perception—then responsibility is no longer divided between government and people. There is only intelligent action born of understanding. To see that exploitation of nature is exploitation of oneself is the beginning of wisdom.

Rebuilding from the remnants is not merely to raise walls again, but to learn—to learn how we live, how we relate to the earth, to one another, to order itself. Then out of destruction, there may be a different kind of renewal: not just of crops and houses, but of awareness.

Poem

The winds have passed,
the waters have fallen back to the sea.
What remains is silence—
and the broken shape of man's forgetting.

Fields lie drowned,
houses crumble into mud and memory.
Some weep at loss,
some curse the sky and the sea,
and a few gather from the remnants
to begin again.

But why this endless dependence—
waiting for governments to act,
for help to descend from above?
Why not care before the storm—
clear the drains, guard the canals,
build the bunds that protect,
and protect the land that feeds?

We encroach,
we block the breathing of the earth,
then cry out against nature's rage.
The storm outside
is born of the storm within—
the confusion, the greed, the neglect
that says, It is not my doing.

When there is awareness,
not as blame but as clear seeing,
there is responsibility without compulsion.
Then rebuilding is not mere repair,
but renewal—
a learning of how to live,
how to care,
how to be in harmony with what sustains us.

Out of the ruin,
a quieter intelligence may flower—
one that does not curse or plead,
but listens to the earth,
and acts in understanding.

Then even after the storm,

there can be peace—
and in that peace,
the whisper of a new beginning.

***

The Storm within man

Year after year, the same disaster returns—
the flood, the storm, the drought.
And year after year, man weeps, rebuilds, and forgets.
There is sympathy for a moment,
a few coins dropped into a box,
a word of pity,
and then the mind moves on.

Why is there no enduring sense of responsibility for the whole?
We have made our hearts as narrow as our boundaries—
my house, my street, my people.
Beyond that circle, concern fades.
We do not see that when the neighbour's field is washed away,
our own life is diminished.
We do not see that the suffering of one
is the suffering of all humanity.

We talk of unity,
but we live in fragments—
religious, political, economic.
Each man seeks his own security
and in that very search destroys it.
For there can be no personal security
when the community is in disorder.

The floodwaters do not recognise your gate or mine.

Common responsibility is not born of command or law;
it arises only when there is awareness—
when one sees clearly that life is one movement,
not divided into mine and yours.
Then action is not charity or duty;
it is love in motion.

If man truly cared,
he would not wait for the government or the gods.
He would act out of understanding—
repair the canal before it bursts,
share before another starves,
build not for profit but for balance.

The outer catastrophe mirrors the inner neglect.
To heal the world,
the mind must awaken to its wholeness.
Only in that awakening
is there compassion strong enough
to end the recurring disaster—
the storm of nature,
and the greater storm within man.

*****

Man, and Nature: One Movement

Man, often declares that his life is greater than the trees, rivers, or mountains, because he possesses thought, memory, and reflection. Yet this very thought, which he treasures as the crown of existence, is the source of division. Stars shine without comparison, rivers flow without ambition, mountains stand without fear. Only man, burdened with thought, measures himself—against others, against nature, against life itself.

But life is not thought. The moment we compare, we step away from life into the shadow of measurement. A tree does not whisper, "I am less than the mountain." The river does not complain that it is not the sea. Comparison is the movement of man's mind alone, and in that movement, he has separated himself from the wholeness of existence.

When the mind becomes still, when thought no longer divides, there is a perception of one indivisible order. In that seeing, man and nature are not separate—there is no higher or lower, greater or smaller. There is only one sacred movement that runs through all things: the shining of the star, the flowing of the river, the stillness of the mountain, and the beating heart of man. To live in that awareness is to live without division, in the wholeness of life itself.

Poem

Man says:
"Why compare human life with stars, rivers, or mountains?
They have no thought, no mind to reflect.

Life is different from them."

But is it?

Stars shine without choice,
rivers flow without ambition,
mountains stand without fear.
Man, burdened with thought,
loses the simplicity of being.

A tree does not ask if it is less than a mountain,
a river does not measure itself against the sea.
Only man invents hierarchy—
higher and lower,
important and unimportant.

Life is not thought;
life is beyond measure.
When the mind is silent,
when comparison ends,
there is the same movement of wholeness
in a star,
in a river,
in a mountain,
and in man.

Then life is not separate,
not greater or smaller,
but one indivisible order—
a sacred movement without beginning or end.

***

We often claim that only life has the power to reproduce, to give birth, to renew itself. But if we look closely, stars too are born, and stars too die. From the death of one star comes the birth of another; from collapse comes creation. Galaxies are seeded in the ashes of destruction.

Why, then, do we confine the mystery of renewal to what we call "life"? The entire cosmos is reproduction, transformation, unfolding. A tree grows from a seed, and the tree scatters seeds again. The river empties into the ocean and returns as rain. The star explodes into dust, and that dust becomes the cradle of new suns.

It is thought that divides: "This is alive, that is dead; this matters, that does not." But in truth there is only one indivisible movement of creation and dissolution, endlessly renewing itself. To see this is to end the arrogance that man alone possesses the power of life.

Life is not bound to the human womb or to the green sprout in the soil. Life is the timeless energy of the cosmos, in which stars burn, rivers flow, forests breathe, and man also comes and goes. In that seeing, there is humility—a realization that man is not separate, not superior, but part of the same sacred movement without beginning or end.

Poem

We say:
"Life alone reproduces,
life alone renews itself."

But stars too are born,

and stars too die.
Out of the ashes of one
new worlds are seeded,
new galaxies take shape.

The seed becomes the tree,
the tree drops the seed.
The river dissolves into the sea
and rises again as rain.
The star explodes into dust
and that dust gathers
into another sun.

Thought says: “This is life,
that is not.”
But when the mind is quiet,
we see one vast movement—
creation and dissolution,
beginning and ending,
everywhere, without measure.

Then man is not higher or lower,
not the keeper of life alone,
but part of the same sacred rhythm
in which stars, rivers, trees, and man
all are born,
all die,
and all are renewed.

***

We often say: “Man is greater because he can think. Life on earth is superior because it has mind and consciousness.” But is it truly so?

In the vastness of the cosmos, life and its thought are neither greater nor less than the rest of the universe. The star that burns silently, the planet that spins in emptiness, the galaxy that drifts across unimaginable distances—they are not inferior because they cannot reflect as man does. Nor is man greater because he can think, invent, and name.

Thought measures and compares, declaring: “This is higher, that is lower. This has value, that is insignificant.” But such measurement belongs only to the limited movement of the human mind. The cosmos does not compare itself. The sun does not say, “I am brighter than the moon.” The mountain does not declare, “I am taller than the tree.”

When the mind is silent, one perceives that thought is only a ripple in the vast ocean of existence. Life on this planet, with its thinking brain, is part of the same immeasurable order in which galaxies are born and die. There is no higher, no lower—only a sacred wholeness in which every form arises and passes away.

To see this is to end the illusion of man’s centrality. Then thought is seen for what it is: a small flame within the infinite fire of the cosmos. Neither great nor small—just one expression of the same timeless movement.

*****

Is Krishnamurti's Philosophy Dead?

Question: Sir, many say what you teach is a dead philosophy—unproductive, impractical. Society, they argue, cannot move forward without the "me," without ambition and striving.

Answer: May we go into it slowly? What do you mean by dead? Do you mean it produces no wealth, no new inventions, no political schemes? If so, perhaps it is dead—because it does not add to the noise of machines. But tell me, is love dead? Is compassion unproductive? Can beauty be measured by utility?

We live in a world that worships results. And so, we miss what is living, what is beyond measure.

Dead they call it—
because it does not glitter,
does not march with banners,
does not promise power.
But is the flame of awareness dead?
It burns quietly,
consuming the smoke of self,
and in that fire
there is a light no shadow can touch.

Question: Still, sir, without ambition, without the "me," how would society progress? It is ambition that builds bridges, discovers new science, creates wealth.

Answer: Is it? Or is it passion, the urge to see, to understand, that discovers? The true scientist is not driven by vanity; his passion is to find out. Ambition blinds. It narrows the mind into competition, envy, and fear. Outwardly we progress, yes, but inwardly we are stagnant. The "me" builds, and the "me" destroys. Look at the world: has not ambition brought both invention and destruction?

Ambition shouts: Forward, forward!
yet it leaves a trail of blood.
Curiosity whispers: See, discover,
and there is no wound in its step.
Creation flowers
only when the "me" is silent.

Question: But sir, without leaders, without authority, how will society be guided? We need someone to show us the way.

Answer: We need leaders only because we are confused. Out of confusion we hand over our lives to another—politician, priest, or guru. But truth cannot be given by another. When each one of us sees clearly, there is no leader and no follower, only intelligent action. Look at history: leaders have promised order, but have they not left us in disorder?

To follow another
is to walk in borrowed light.
The path then is not yours,
and the end is darkness.
Stand still—
and in stillness
a flame lights itself.

Question: Yet without order enforced by law and authority, will society not collapse into chaos?

Answer: But has authority brought order? The very attempt to control breeds resistance, and resistance is disorder. Real order is not imposed. It flowers when the root of disorder—the self, with its fears and desires—comes to an end. That order is like a river: not forced, but flowing freely.

Question: Isn't the "me" necessary for self-expression—art, poetry, music? Without the individual, would there be any beauty?

Answer: Is beauty created by the "me"? When you see a sunset, a tree in silence, a child's laughter—is it the "me" that makes it beautiful? The greatest art is born when the artist is absent—when there is no thought of success or failure, no desire for fame. In that absence, perception is pure, and expression flows.

Beauty comes
when the self is quiet—
not seeking to decorate,
not eager to impress.
It comes like a bird
landing on an open branch,
singing and flying away
with no thought of applause.

Question: But still, sir, what you teach seems impractical. It does not tell us how to deal with the real problems of daily life, of society.

Answer: On the contrary, it deals directly with the root. Society is not something separate—it is you and I. It is our greed, our fear, our ambition. To treat symptoms is endless; to see the root is transformation. The most practical action is to end the self-centred movement. Without that, every reform breeds new problems.

Question: So, this is not a dead philosophy?

Answer: It is not JK's sir. Truth does not belong to anyone. When you make it a system, it becomes dead. But when you see directly—when you see the falseness of the "me," and in that seeing the self ends—then it is alive. It is a flame that cannot be put out.

Call it dead,
call it barren—
yet in silence
you may see the living stream.
The "me" is old,
its voice weary with centuries.
But awareness is ever new—
a flame without yesterday,
a flame that lights the whole sky.

Thus, the so-called "dead philosophy" is in truth the most living revolution—the ending of the "me," which alone makes possible a society without conflict, and a life of wholeness and compassion.

***

A man says: “Krishnamurti’s philosophy is dead philosophy, non-productive. Society cannot progress without the ‘me’.” Let us look at this statement very carefully, not to refute it with argument, but to see what lies behind it.

When one says dead philosophy, one usually means: it has no use, no immediate application, no tangible product. We live in a world that worships utility—something is valued only if it produces wealth, technological advancement, or political power. By that measure, love is also “useless.” Compassion produces no factory output. Beauty does not add to the gross national product. Yet, without these, what is the meaning of life?

The questioner also asserts that society cannot progress without the “me.” But what is this “me”? It is the center of memory, ambition, comparison, hurt, and desire. From it arise competition, jealousy, division, and violence. Has society really progressed because of the “me”? We have produced extraordinary technology, we can send a man to the moon, build nuclear bombs, and cure certain diseases. But inwardly, are we not still greedy, still violent, still afraid? Where, then, is progress?

Philosophy becomes dead only when it is turned into dogma, into second-hand knowledge repeated by memory. What Krishnamurti pointed to is not such a system. He said: “Truth is a pathless land.” There is no method, no tradition, no authority to follow. To see the falseness of the self, the futility of seeking continuity in thought—that perception is alive. It cannot be stored; it is always fresh.

To call it dead is to look at it through the eyes of the intellect, which wants results. But perception is not result. Awareness is not a conclusion. It is like a flame: it burns only when there is no smoke of belief or utility clinging to it. The moment you use awareness for a purpose, you have killed it.

The “me” thinks it is the motor of progress. But look around: the “me” has divided the world into nations, religions, ideologies. The “me” has invented wars, exploitation, corruption. Whatever progress the “me” brings technologically, it cancels out by its destructiveness psychologically. Without ending the “me,” progress is lopsided: outer glitter, inner darkness.

Krishnamurti would say: “Do not ask what philosophy produces; ask what your life is without clarity.” If the “me” is allowed to dominate, society may accumulate knowledge and things, but it will always live in conflict. Ending the “me” is not the end of life—it is the beginning of true relationship, of compassion, of intelligence beyond calculation. That intelligence may or may not build machines, but it brings a harmony without which all machines are meaningless.

The so-called dead philosophy is actually the most urgent revolution. To live without the center of the “me” is not to become stagnant; it is to live in choiceless awareness, which is always dynamic. In that state, action is no longer driven by profit, fear, or vanity. It is action born of seeing the whole. Such action may build, or it may destroy, but it is never divisive. It is like a river: ever flowing, nourishing, cleansing.

This revolution does not belong to yesterday or tomorrow. It is not in books, nor in theories. It is in the direct perception

of the falseness of the "me," now. That perception is alive, not dead. It is the only true productivity, because it ends conflict at its root. Without that ending, every so-called progress is a preparation for another war.

So, when a man says, "Krishnamurti's philosophy is dead, unproductive," one can only ask: what is dead—the words, or the seeing? If you only repeat the words, it is indeed dead. But if you see, with your whole being, the truth of self-created division and the possibility of living without it, then it is not dead. It is the flame that makes life sacred.

***

Question: Sir, many people say your philosophy is dry. It does not give inspiration, poetry, or warmth.

Answer: When you use the word dry, what do you mean by it? Do you mean it gives no comfort, no entertainment, no emotional satisfaction? Then perhaps it is dry—for it is not meant to give you escape or consolation.

We are so used to being stimulated—by beliefs, rituals, poetry, music, by the intoxication of authority—that when someone points directly to what is, without decoration, we call it dry. But truth does not need ornament. A fact does not become more alive because you cover it with garlands.

Question: So, you mean to say it is not dry, but direct?

Answer: Yes, sir. When you see a danger, like a snake on the path, do you say the perception is dry? You act immediately. In the same way, to see the danger of self-centeredness, of

thought creating division, requires attention. That attention is not dull, not dry—it is intense, alive.

What is dry is repetition, belief, authority. What is alive is the flame of direct perception. It does not give you satisfaction, it gives you understanding. And in that understanding there is a beauty far greater than emotional stimulation.

Those who call it dry are often seeking comfort, inspiration, or authority. But Krishnamurti's insights are not there to console; they are there to awaken. And awakening is not dry—it is the most vital act of life.

Poem

They say, "This philosophy is dry."
Dry—because it offers no incense,
no consoling songs,
no promises of tomorrow.

But truth does not come wrapped in garlands,
it is not moist with sentiment.
It is clear as a mountain stream
that asks nothing of you
but to look,
to see.

What appears dry to the seeker of comfort
is alive to the one who looks directly.
For in the seeing of fact,
in the flame of awareness,
there is a beauty deeper than poetry,
a richness beyond all ornament.

It is not dry—
it is fire without smoke,
it is light without shadow,
it is life itself,
without illusion.

*****

What Is Security?

The Image as the Self

Krishnamurti begins with something everyone can see in their daily life.
Each of us carries an image about ourselves — a picture built through years of experience, praise, hurt, and memory.

It may be:
"I am a good doctor."
"I am a kind person."
"I am successful."
"I am spiritual."

We hold these images as a kind of psychological shelter.
They give us a sense of continuity — of being somebody — and from that sense of being somebody, we derive comfort and identity.

But life constantly pricks that image. Someone criticizes us, ignores us, or praises another. We feel hurt, diminished, insulted.
We think the other person has hurt us, but actually what has been hurt is our image about ourselves.

And Krishnamurti says — that image is "me."
There is no "me" apart from the image. The "me" is nothing but the collection of images I have built:
about my face, my talent, my past, my family, my religion, my nation, my position.

When any of these are questioned or threatened, the "me" feels insecure.
So, insecurity is born the very moment the mind builds security in an image.

The Illusion of Psychological Security

The mind wants to feel safe, permanent, continuous. It fears change, loss, and death.
So, it builds walls of belief, reputation, family name, religion, wealth — hoping to find something that will not be shaken.

But Krishnamurti asks:
Is there any such thing as permanent security in the field of the psyche?

Everything built by thought is impermanent —
your opinion today changes tomorrow,
your reputation can vanish in a moment,
your body grows old,
your relationships alter.

When the mind seeks permanence in things that are impermanent, it breeds fear.
That is why, he says, security itself becomes insecurity when sought through thought.

So, the problem is not that we lack security, but that we seek it where it can never exist — in ideas, possessions, beliefs, and images.

What Is a Human Being?

To understand this deeply, Krishnamurti asks:
What is a human being?

Are we merely separate individuals — one Indian, another American, one black, another white?
Outwardly, we differ in appearance, language, and climate. But inwardly, psychologically, our structure is the same.

We all experience fear, pleasure, loneliness, desire, anxiety, sorrow, and the search for security.

Therefore, inwardly, the river of human consciousness is one. The water that flows through different countries is still water — not Indian or European water.

When we see this directly, there is compassion — not as an ideal, but as a fact of perception.
Then "my suffering" and "your suffering" are not separate; there is only sorrow, which is common to all mankind.
And in understanding that sorrow fully, one touches the ending of sorrow — which is love.

Why We Identify

Why does the mind want to identify — with a country, a family, a belief, an experience, a hurt, or a success?

Because identification gives continuity to the image.
It says, "I am part of this group," "I belong," "I am somebody."
It is an effort to escape the feeling of inner emptiness.

But the very act of identification divides:
"My country, your country,"
"My religion, your religion,"
"My belief, your belief."
Thus, the search for security through identification brings about division and therefore insecurity.

Learning Without Accumulation

"Is it possible to learn about yourself without constantly adding to what you already know about yourself?"

Ordinarily, when we say "I have learned," it means we have added something to our knowledge — more information, more experience, more conclusions. This is accumulation, and accumulation becomes the past.

When we approach life through this past — through the known — we are never fresh. We are always interpreting the new through the old. That is why we keep repeating the same psychological patterns — fear, hurt, conflict, pleasure, fear again.

Krishnamurti says there is another kind of learning — learning without accumulation. This is learning in the moment, through direct observation, without storing it as memory to act from.

It is like watching yourself as you are — your reactions, motives, fears, desires — without condemning or justifying. That very seeing is the learning. The moment you store it as knowledge; the mind becomes mechanical again.

So true learning is a living movement, not a static conclusion. It is seeing anew each moment, without the burden of the past.

The Flame of Living Awareness

When the mind sees all this —
that the image is the self,
that identification breeds insecurity,
that there is no separate human being inwardly,
that learning is not accumulation —
then a new quality of awareness is born.

In that awareness there is no centre seeking safety; there is only movement, like a river that purifies itself as it flows. That movement is life itself — ever new, ever alive.

And when the mind stops clinging to images, it discovers a strange security —
not the security of possession or belief,
but the security of being nothing,
of having nothing to defend.

In that emptiness, there is immense strength, clarity, and love. That is the only real security there is.

Poem

You build a house of words,
and live within its echo—
"I am this, I am that,
I am known; I am someone."
Another's glance, another's word,
and the fragile house trembles.
You call it hurt,
but what is hurt
is the image you worship as yourself.

You are not the image.
You are the seeing of it—
the silence that knows
no name, no boundary.

The river flows through every land,
it is not Indian or English.
Sorrow is not yours or mine,
it is the river of mankind.
But the mind says, "It is my pain,"
and so, builds a wall
around the universal wound.

In seeking safety,
we have created prisons of belief.
We call them family, nation, faith—
and feel secure in our confinement.
But the heart that walls itself in

beats in fear of its own shadow.

Is there a security that is not born of defence?
A knowing that is not of accumulation?
When the mind ceases to gather,
when it looks without motive—
then learning is a living flame,
not the smoke of memory.

And in that flame
the self is consumed.
What remains is clarity—
a vast, unowned space
where love is not mine or yours,
and security is not sought,
because there is nothing left to lose.

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The illusion of safety

Security, as we know it, is built upon uncertainty.
The more the mind seeks to be secure — in belief, in relationship, in property, in reputation — the more it must defend what it owns. That defence is fear disguised as safety. It is the fear of losing what thought has built for comfort.

But there is another kind of security — not the product of possession, but of understanding.
When the mind sees that every image it clings to is transient, that every identification divides and therefore breeds conflict, a strange freedom flowers. It is not the security of being protected, but of having nothing to protect.

In that freedom, there is no centre to be wounded, no wall to be guarded.

Life flows without the resistance of the “me.”
That movement is wholeness — and in that wholeness, there is peace.

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Where Stars and Hearts Meet

Energy–Order–Intelligence–Choiceless awareness–Compassion: One Indivisible Ground

Human inquiry has long searched for the foundation of existence.
Science looks for first principles; religion invokes a creator; philosophy explores reason.
Yet, across all modes of exploration, one insight becomes increasingly clear:
the universe is not chaotic—it is profoundly ordered.

This order is not imposed from outside;
it is inherent in the very nature of existence.
To understand this, we must look at three inseparable dimensions of reality:
Energy, Order, and Intelligence.

Energy: The Substance of Existence

Modern physics shows that all that exists is a manifestation of energy.
Atoms are patterns of energy,
matter is condensed energy,
and life is energy organized through biological structure.

Einstein's equation, $E = mc^2$, reveals that matter and energy are interchangeable;
forms rise from energy and return to energy.

Thus,

Energy is the ground of manifestation.

Nothing exists apart from it.

Order: The Nature of Energy's Movement

Energy never moves at random.
Even the smallest fluctuations conform to law, symmetry, and balance.
Electrons follow quantized orbits,
planets trace harmonic paths,
organisms regulate themselves with astonishing precision.

From galaxies to genomes,
we see the same truth:

Where there is energy, there is order.

Order is not a later arrangement imposed on energy—
it is intrinsic to energy's expression.

If energy could move without order,
no structure could arise,
no star could form,
no life could evolve.
Chaos would never stabilize into form.

Thus,

Order is the inherent nature of energy.

In other words,
energy is ordered in its very being.

Intelligence: The Quality of Order

Krishnamurti suggested that in this vast, immeasurable energy,

there is intelligence—not as thought, knowledge, or memory,
but as the silent coherence that sustains existence.

This is not the intelligence of planning or designing—
it is the spontaneous harmony of life and cosmos.

When the planets do not collide,
when the seed becomes a tree,
when the body heals,
when compassion arises unbidden—
there is an intelligence operating effortlessly.

This intelligence is not separate from order;
it is the quality of order.

Order is intelligent.

Not because it thinks,
but because it is coherent in itself.

Thus, to speak of order is to speak of intelligence.

Three Words, One Reality

We tend to think of energy, order, and intelligence as separate categories.
But separation is only conceptual.
In actuality they are one indivisible ground.

- Energy is the substance.
- Order is the way that substance expresses.
- Intelligence is the intrinsic quality of that expression.

You can distinguish them in thought,
but you cannot separate them in reality.

Just as:

- water cannot be separated from its wetness,

- light cannot be separated from illumination,
- space cannot be separated from extension—

so, energy cannot be separated from order,
and order cannot be separated from intelligence.

Energy–Order–Intelligence
is one movement, one reality.

Three names, not three things.

Not Designed, Not Created

This order is not crafted by an outside designer.
No external force shapes energy into harmony.
Energy already contains order;
order already expresses intelligence.

A creator would itself require explanation,
leading to endless regression.
The simplest and clearest insight is:

Order is intrinsic.
Uncaused.
Self-sustaining.

This is the ground.

The Inner and Outer Are One

The same order that sustains stars
also operates in the human being.

When thought is noisy, reactive, fragmentary,
the mind falls into disorder—conflict, fear, division.
But when thought becomes quiet,

awareness reflects a natural intelligence—
not cultivated,
not practiced,
but present on its own.

In that silence,
the inner thought-free movement is in accord with the cosmic movement.

The order of the universe
and the order of thought-free awareness
are not two.

They arise from the same source—
the indivisible ground of energy–order–intelligence.

Thus, to perceive inwardly with clarity
is to be aligned with the order that sustains the stars.

The Indivisible Ground

Across cultures, humanity has given names to this ultimate ground—
Brahman, Tao, Logos, God.
But names are symbols;
the reality is beyond the word.

The fact is simple:

The ground of existence is one—
immeasurable, uncreated, intelligent energy
moving in intrinsic order.

All forms arise from it
and dissolve back into it;
yet the ground remains.

It has no beginning and no end;
time unfolds within it,
but it is not born of time.

It simply is.

To realize this not merely intellectually but directly
is the flowering of thought-free awareness.

When the self-centred movement of thought quiets,
there is direct perception of order—
not as an idea,
but as living fact.

To live in that order
is to live without conflict,
without division,
in wholeness with existence.

This is where compassionate intelligence flowers.

Energy, order, and intelligence are not three realities,
but three windows into the same ground.

Energy is the what,
order is the how,
intelligence is the quality.

Seen through the mind, they appear distinct.
Seen directly, they are one.

And that one is the foundation of all existence.

Uncaused.
Unbounded.
Ever-present.

The universe, the living being, and pure awareness
are expressions of this single, indivisible truth—
the ultimate order of being.

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This passage, once again, points to a single indication:
that the energy which shapes galaxies,
the order that sustains life,
and the intelligence that operates as compassion
are not three things,
but one indivisible movement.

The universe is not “out there”
and awareness “in here.”
They are one unfolding reality.

The same order that keeps a star in orbit
flowers in the human heart
as choiceless awareness—
an intelligence that is compassionate,
because it is free of the self.

Names—God, Brahman, Tao—may appear;
they are only shadows.
The seeing itself is the reality.

One movement sings
as starlight and compassion—
one flame,
many reflections.

One order, Many Expressions

There is one seamless order.
In the cosmos it expresses as lawful harmony;
in matter as structured energy;

in life as sensitivity;
in the human mind as intelligence;
and, when thought falls silent,
as compassionate intelligence,
the fragrance of choiceless awareness.

This is not mysticism
nor abstraction.
It is direct perception.

The wave is not separate from the ocean.
Awareness is not separate from the cosmos.
The same movement that curves space
touches the heart as care.

Stone, river, star, breath—
all shaped by one pulse.

Seeker: “How can the cosmic order be compassion?”
Teacher: “Where there is no centre,
relationship is whole.
That wholeness is compassion.”

Energy

Energy is the primordial fact.
Matter is energy at rest,
Thought-free awareness is energy awake.

The order of galaxies
and the order of quiet mind
are two forms of one movement.

Where energy is coherent
there is order;
where order is inward

there is intelligence.
When intelligence moves in relationship
it is compassion.

Thus, energy → order → intelligence → compassion
is not a sequence in time
but different faces of one reality.

The flame that burns in the sun
glows in empathy—
one fire, two gestures.

Seeker: “Is disorder real?”
Teacher: “Only in thought.”
Seeker: “So order is natural?”
Teacher: “As natural as breathing
when fear is absent.”

Order

The Signature of Cosmos and Silence**

Order is not imposed from outside.
It is the nature of reality.

The laws of physics
and the harmony of a quiet mind
are expressions of the same order.

The fragmentation of thought
creates psychological disorder,
not because reality is chaotic,
but because the self divides
what is whole.

When thought subsides,

awareness is whole—
and in that wholeness
compassion is inevitable.

The order that guides a planet's path
guides a gentle hand.

Seeker: "How does order become compassion?"
Teacher: "When the 'me' ends,
the other is oneself."

Intelligence

Law, Adaptation, Insight, Compassion

Intelligence is the adequacy of response.
In the cosmos it appears as law;
in biology as adaptation;
in the mind as insight;
in relationship as compassion.

True intelligence
is not accumulation
but direct perception.

Where there is insight
there is no division;
action is precise,
gentle,
timely.

Thus, physical law,
biological harmony,
and human compassion
are a continuous movement.

In stillness,

the universe remembers itself
as care.

Compassionate Intelligence

Love Without Centre

Compassion is intelligence in relationship—
not cultivated,
not practiced,
but flowering naturally
when awareness is choiceless.

Where the observer is absent,
there is only seeing.
From that seeing,
Compassionate intelligence flows without motive.

This compassion is universal,
for it arises from the perception
that creation is one movement—
not “my life” versus “your life,”
but life as a whole.

To live is prayer;
to care is worship.

Seeker: “How do I cultivate compassion?”
Teacher: “By seeing the false—
the self, the centre.”

Silence is Cosmos

Cosmos is Silence

Inner silence is not separate

from the vast silence of the stars.

When thought is quiet,
the mind does not mirror the cosmos—
it is the same order,
without boundary.

In this silence,
there is no inner and outer.
Seeing is acting;
acting is caring.

The universe breathes
through a quiet mind.

Seeker: “Is awareness inside me?”
Teacher: “Where is ‘inside’
when time ends?”

Afterword: Living the One Movement

Living the order
is to see without centre.
Action is then clear.

Relationship becomes
a ground of care.
Simplicity arises naturally—
not as discipline
but as freedom from the unnecessary.

The same order
that holds galaxies in balance
holds a hand with tenderness.

This is a religious life—
without belief,

without authority—
a life in which
energy, order, intelligence,
cosmos, thought-free awareness, compassion
are one indivisible movement.

Condensed Essence

Cosmic Energy = the ground of existence

Cosmic Order = energy in proportion

Intelligence = order flowering in thought-free awareness

Compassion = intelligence in relationship

Choiceless Awareness = the heart of the whole movement

Thus:

Energy = Order = Intelligence = thought-free awareness =Compassion as one indivisible movement.

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Before time began, before the first star ignited, there was a profound stillness—silent yet immeasurably full. From that stillness came a single, fundamental truth: energy.

This energy is not merely motion or force; it is the ground from which all existence emerges—the subtle presence that becomes the atom, the luminous surge that forms a star, the quiet motion that gives rise to life.
Energy does not move blindly. Its unfolding is marked by precision and harmony. We see this in the dance of galaxies,

in the spin of electrons, and in the growth of a leaf. Everywhere, the movement of energy displays order.

This order is not imposed by an external agency. It is not designed or engineered from outside. It is inherent in energy itself. As fragrance cannot be separated from a flower, and wetness cannot be removed from water, so order is inseparable from energy.

Where energy expresses, order is present.
Where there is order, energy is moving.

In the depth of this natural order lies a subtle, nameless intelligence. It is not the intelligence of calculation or accumulation. It does not rely on memory or invention. It is the quiet coherence that keeps stars on their course, blood flowing within the body, and compassion alive within the human heart.

This intelligence needs no designer. It functions without command. Nothing is out of place, yet there is no plan in the ordinary sense. Creation happens without a creator standing apart from it.

Thus, energy is the substance of existence; order is the nature of its movement; intelligence is the quality of that order. Three words name a single reality.

Different cultures have called this reality Brahman, Tao, God, or countless other names. But the name is not what is sacred. What is sacred is the direct seeing of this reality itself.

From this ground, mountains rise and erode, seasons unfold, civilizations appear and disappear. Forms come and go like waves on a timeless sea. Waves pass, but the sea remains—the same mysterious movement of energy–order–intelligence that gives birth to all things and receives them again when their forms dissolve.

This same movement exists within the human mind. When thought becomes entangled in memory or fear, the inner world falls into conflict. The sense of separation grows, and clarity is lost.

But when thought becomes quiet—not through discipline or suppression, but by understanding its own limits—an inner stillness appears. In that stillness, the mind touches the same order that governs the stars. From such contact arises compassion, not as a cultivated virtue, but as the natural fragrance of clarity.

In this state, the division between inner and outer dissolves. One sees that the intelligence operating in the cosmos is the same intelligence that appears as insight and care within oneself. The heart that truly sees is the universe becoming aware of itself.

No method or path leads to this realization, because it is never separate from us. It is as intimate as breath, as pervasive as flame, as present as silence within sound.

Energy expresses as form;
order expresses as movement;
intelligence expresses as love.

These are not separate forces, but different faces of one reality—ancient, ever-present, and uncaused.

It simply is.

To live in harmony with this order is to be free of fear, to love without measure, and to dwell in the wholeness from which all life arises and to which it returns—the eternal flow of energy–order–intelligence at the heart of existence.

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The order that holds galaxies in their courses,
that shapes the atom,
that guides the seed into becoming a tree—
is the same order that flowers
as compassion in the human heart
when thought becomes quiet.

There are not two intelligences—
one vast and cosmic,
another small and personal.

There is only one intelligence,
one indivisible ground,
flowing through stars and through human awareness
without division.

When energy expresses as matter,
we call it universe.
When the same energy expresses as sensitivity,
we call it life.
When it expresses as clarity and compassion,
we call it intelligence.

Different names,
one movement.

The Outer Order and the Inner Order

The physicist studies the order outside—
laws, symmetry, pattern, coherence.
The sage studies the order within—
silence, clarity, compassion, choiceless awareness.

These are not two territories.
They are maps toward the same land.

In the cosmos, order is seen as

harmony of forces,
mathematical precision,
self-sustaining balance.

In the human being,
when the noise of thought subsides,
the same harmony is felt inwardly
as clarity without center,
care without motive,
love without reason.

This inward flowering
is the same intelligence
that moves the stars.

Choiceless Awareness

The Inner Face of Cosmic Intelligence

When the mind is burdened with memory,
driven by desire,
shaped by fear,
it lives in fragmentation.

It sees everything through divisions—
me and you,
success and failure,
belief and disbelief.

This fragmentation is disorder.
It is not aligned with the cosmic movement.

But when thought naturally becomes quiet—
not forced,
not controlled,
not disciplined—
there arises a stillness

without center.

In that stillness,
awareness simply is—
unbiased, unchosen,
awake to the whole.

This is choiceless awareness.

And in choiceless awareness,
intelligence is present—
not the clever intelligence of calculation,
but the quiet, compassionate intelligence
that knows without thinking,
responds without motive,
and loves without asking.

This intelligence is
compassion.

Not cultivated,
not practiced,
but spontaneous.

It is the movement of the same order
that holds galaxies in balance.

Two Doors, One Room

The scientist may enter through the door of energy.
The meditator may enter through the door of awareness.
But both discover the same room—
the indivisible ground.

Whether one approaches through
observation of nature
or observation of oneself,

the encounter is the same.

Outside,
order is seen as precision.
Inside,
order is felt as compassion.

Precision and compassion
are not opposites,
but two languages of one truth.

Compassion

The Human Expression of Universal Order

When perception is free of the self,
there is direct seeing—
and that seeing itself is love.

For to see clearly
is to see the whole.
And to see the whole
is to care for the whole.

This is compassion—
not as emotion,
but as the very movement
of intelligence.

Just as gravity holds planets in orbit,
compassion holds human relationship in harmony.

Both are the expression of order.

One Ground, Many Forms

Call it energy,
call it order,
call it intelligence,
call it compassion.

These are not different realms
but different faces
of the same vast ground.

Energy is the substance.
Order is the nature of its movement.
Intelligence is the quality of that order.
Compassion is its expression in awareness.

Thus

Order–Energy–Intelligence
becomes Compassion–Clarity–Awareness
in the human being.

The outer and inner
are two mirrors
reflecting one reality.

The Realization

When one sees this,
there is no longer the thinker
separate from thought,
the observer separate from the observed,
the human separate from nature,
the “me” separate from the whole.

There is only
one movement—
the movement of life itself.

To know this directly
is not to become something,
but to end becoming.

In that ending
is peace.

Not the peace of passivity,
but the peace of wholeness—
where compassion is action,
and order is living.

The compassionate intelligence of choiceless awareness
is the inward expression of the same order and energy
that sustains the cosmos.

They are one reality—
perceived outwardly as nature,
and inwardly as love.

***

When we observe the universe carefully, we see that it is fundamentally ordered.
The motion of galaxies, the formation of atoms, the unfolding of life—none of these emerge from chaos. Their very existence depends on an inherent harmony. This harmony is not imposed from outside; it is intrinsic to the nature of energy, the ground of all manifestation.

Energy expresses itself lawfully.
Its behaviour is patterned, rhythmic, mathematically coherent.
This intrinsic coherence is what we call order.

Krishnamurti went further, suggesting that this order is not merely mechanical or structural. At its core lies intelligence—not intelligence as thought or reasoning, but the innate capacity of energy to sustain balance, to manifest coherence, to give rise to life and awareness without any external designer.

Thus, energy, order, and intelligence are not three separate forces, but three aspects of a single underlying reality:

- Energy — the substance of existence
- Order — energy's inherent pattern of movement
- Intelligence — the quality of that order

They are one and inseparable.

This same order—perceived outwardly in the cosmos—has an inward expression in the human mind when thought becomes quiet. Normally, the mind is crowded by memories, conclusions, and the sense of a separate self. This activity of thought generates fragmentation—division between "me" and "not-me," between belief and belief, between desire and fear. Such fragmentation is psychological disorder.

But when thought naturally falls silent—not through effort or suppression, but because its limitations are understood—there arises a state of observation without choice, without interpretation, without center. Krishnamurti called this choiceless awareness.

In choiceless awareness, the mind is not projecting, judging, or controlling. It is simply attentive.
In this attention, there is clarity, and in that clarity, a different quality of intelligence operates—an intelligence that is sensitive, compassionate, and whole.

This intelligence is not personal; it does not belong to an individual. It is the same intelligence implicit in the cosmic order. Just as energy expresses order in the formation of a

star, that same order expresses itself inwardly as compassion when the mind is free of psychological division.

In other words:

The compassionate intelligence that arises in choiceless awareness is the inner expression of the same order that sustains the universe.

There is no division between inner and outer. The universe is not one kind of intelligence and the human mind another. Both arise from a single ground—one indivisible movement of energy–order–intelligence.

When awareness is free of the self, human action aligns naturally with this larger order. Compassion becomes a direct expression of reality, not an ideal or a cultivated virtue. There is no motive behind it, no self-interest. It is simply the natural action of intelligence perceiving the whole.

Thus, what we call cosmic order and what we call compassionate intelligence are not two different phenomena. They are the same ground perceived in two domains:

- Outwardly as the lawful movement of nature
- Inwardly as choiceless awareness and compassion

The scientist may encounter this order in the laws of physics. The meditator may encounter it in the silence of the mind. The language differs, but the reality is the same.

Energy is the ground.
Order is its nature.
Compassionate intelligence is its flowering in awareness.

To realize this is not to accumulate knowledge; it is to see directly that the observer is not separate from the observed, that the human being is not separate from the universe. In that realization, one lives in harmony—not through discipline or

belief, but because there is no conflict between inward perception and outward fact.

This is the living expression of order.
This is the movement of intelligence.
This is the essence of choiceless awareness.

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About the Author

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru, a consultant surgeon for nearly fifty years, has not only studied the human body with precision but has also explored the deeper movements of the human mind.

Deeply influenced by the insights of Jiddu Krishnamurti, he writes with the intent to awaken a true revolution in the relationship of human beings—with one another, with society, and with the wholeness of life.

As the author of several books on Krishnamurti's philosophy, Dr. Potluru sees his work as a continuation of the seed planted by Krishnamurti—watering it with care, and adding the nourishment of his own life experience. His writings are an offering of love and responsibility toward a world of peace and compassion.

ECHOES OF AWARENESS

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